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McKean County Miner.

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R. P. HABGOOD ELECTED COUNTY CHAIRMAN

Republican County Committee Met at Bradford Last Thursday.

WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING.

F. B. Frawley, Secretary—Resolutions Adopted—Congressman Barclay and Others Make Speeches—Able Representatives Praised.

The Republican county committee held its first meeting of the year at the St. James Hotel, Bradford, last Thursday afternoon. The attendance was large, 36 of the 40 members of the committee being present.

F. D. Gallup of Smethport, the county chairman called the meeting to order. Hon. Robert P. Habgood of Bradford was nominated and unanimously elected county chairman for the ensuing year, and Frank B. Frawley was unanimously chosen for secretary. The committee named Chairman Habgood treasurer of the committee and he was also given power to select his own executive committee.

A resolution was adopted which provides for the payment of the necessary expenses of the committeemen, by the committee, while attending meetings.

Remarks were made by Hon. C. F. Barclay, representative in Congress; Hon. James A. McKean, assemblyman; Mayor R. J. Hoffman; James A. Connolly, R. K. Godding, Hon. J. G. Greene-wald and A. J. Nordstrom.

The committee on resolutions submitted the following which were unanimously adopted:

BRADFORD, PA., June 10, 1909.

Resolved that the following declarations be adopted by the McKean county Republican committee assembled this day:

1. **The McKean county representatives of the Republican party are assembled in convention to-day for the first time since its great victory of 1908. Notwithstanding the attacks made upon the Republican party by every conceivable ism in politics, it stands vindicated and endorsed with unmistakable emphasis for its courageous opposition to private and public wrongs, to transportation evils, and to every energy ignobly devoted to the acquiring of wealth in violation of law.** Through fires of resistance it has fought its way with a malignancy of hostility to evils which, if left to grow, would be sure to provoke dangerous popular discontent. It has unhorsed the arrogant socialists; the blatant demagogues; the murderous anarchists. It has hewed straight to the line and enacted effective laws in the people's interest. The advance made by it is epoch-making. It is therefore with unconcealed pride that we redeclare our allegiance to our party-policies and shout approval of its triumphs.

2. Under the inspiration of President William H. Taft, the worthy successor to the magnetic, magnificent Roosevelt, the good work is being continued. Trade and commerce and manufacturers, for sometime disturbed by false alarms as to business conditions, have responded to the same optimism of President Taft, and the activity in business channels everywhere manifest speaks louder than words the full confidence of the people in our able and vigilant president.

3. That President Taft's administration, auspiciously begun will ripen into a harvest of unprecedented excellence is an expectation justified by the tests he has given in having met successfully every public responsibility heretofore placed upon him. We repose entire trust in his wisdom, sagacity and patriotism and rejoice that in his hands is entrusted the finest and best government ever vouchsafed to humanity.

4. It is a matter of special pride to us that Pennsylvania's son, Philander C. Knox, lawyer and statesman, has been selected for, and has assumed the duties of secretary of state in the present administration at Washington. We congratulate the country and ourselves that the republic has secured his services to direct the department of state, and we commend him, with every good wish, for the response he has given to the call to the most arduous public duty.

5. To our representatives in congress, Hon. Boies Penrose, Hon. Geo. T. Oliver and Hon. Charles F. Barclay, we extend warmest greetings and express approval of their services. Our senior United States senator, Hon. Boies Penrose, throughout his many years of service in congress, has proved loyal to the interests of the nation and state. To the great interests of this section of the state namely, oil, lumber, glass and the products from wood, he has ever been friendly and watchful, and we note with much satisfaction and appreciation the earnest contest he and his colleagues are waging for a just revision of the tariff, and, in particular, for a just and necessary duty on foreign oils or petroleum to the end that this great interest in our country be not paralyzed. We commend the action of the state legislature in electing Hon. George T. Oliver, to the United States senate, where the stupendous business interests of our great commonwealth and nation will have the benefit of his extensive business experience and knowledge. And with like satisfaction we commend the efficient and entirely satisfactory service of our congressman, Hon. Charles F. Barclay, and are pleased to note his increasing influence, popularity and usefulness.

6. We cordially endorse the most excellent administration of Governor Edwin S. Stuart, whose every pre-election promise is being made good.

7. Our representatives in the state legislature, Hon. Frank A. Baldwin and Hon. James A. McKean, have devoted their time and influence to the service of their constituents, and we extend to them assurances of our appreciation of honors they have earned.

8. To Messrs. James Connolly, A. J. Nordstrom and Merton L. Willis, delegates to represent McKean county in the Republican state convention on June 16, 1909, we entrust the important duties which devolve upon them, knowing that they will wisely represent us.

In this connection we desire to charge them to put forth every honorable endeavor to secure the nomination for judge of the supreme court of the State of Pennsylvania, of Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, of McKean county, whose qualifications for the highest judicial position in the state are unexcelled. Strong and vigorous in body and mind, experienced as a jurist, Judge Bouton's selection as a candidate on the Republican ticket for the supreme court judgeship would be eminently proper and popular.

9. To F. D. Gallup, Esq., chairman and Messrs. A. D. Sloan and Thomas Paisley, secretaries, of the Republican county committee, during the past year are due and are hereby tendered the thanks of the party for the energetic and creditable conduct of the campaign of 1908.

In conclusion, we reassert our fidelity to the policies and candidates of our great party, and when the ticket to be voted for in November next shall have been completed, we pledge to it our united support.

JAMES CONNOLLY, Chairman.
R. K. GODDING,
H. H. ADIST,
J. G. DREHER,
H. W. RUHN,
L. J. REZNOR,
CHARLES LUNDEN,
D. P. ROBERTS.

In Loving Memory.

"Turn again unto they rest, O, my soul, for the Lord hath rewarded thee."

And this seems like the voice of her whom we hold in loving memory, her own sweet and glorious voice, proclaiming her eternal peace and beatitude, as she is exalted in the Kingdom of her Lord to the company of the faithful and blessed ones in Paradise. "Such honor have all his Saints;" and we give thanks for their exaltation, while sorrow fills our hearts that the place which knew them in the home, the church, the large circle of loving relatives and friends, shall know them no more. It is hard to put into words the feelings of so many hearts and voice their sense of sadness and deep loss, and to express the sorrow of her spiritual pastor from the days of her childhood, and her loving godmother, who named her at her baptism—both of whom were far from home—at the passing away from earth of Mrs. Agnes McCoy MacQuiston. The great comfort is in the thankful remembrance of her as an example of the Grace of God in forming and developing such a life and character; full of strength and beauty, and the gracious fruits of the Holy Spirit. Always frail and suffering in body, there was yet a buoyancy and radiance of spirit, a fullness and freedom of life, a fortitude and fearlessness, serenity and strength. There was a strong element of heroism in her character; the uplift of a courageous heart by nature, and by reason of a confident and certain faith. Her spirit was quickly caught up to what was noble and sublime, and reflected it in every way of outward expression. Her supberb voice rose exultant in the anthems of praise to God, because the soul had the conception of the Divine Majesty and glory, and felt what the voice uttered, and sang with inspiration.

Often has the writer sat in the church and heard more than the music of the voice—heard the message of the voice—a "Sursum Corda," "lift up your hearts," and which drew the response, doubtless, from many souls, "We lift them up unto the Lord." Like a piller in the Temple, with its carved lily-work, her life presented both strength and beauty. While there was that element of the heroic and dramatic, there was also the serenity of a quiet mind, and a peaceful loving heart, exemplifying the words "seek peace and righteousness." The Lord has need of those whom He has called from the choir of His church below, that their voices may together unite again in the adoring alleluias of the church on high.

May we have grace to follow their good examples.

May they forever rest in peace, and be numbered with the Saints in glory everlasting.

J. H. M.

BOSTON, JUNE 11th.

FRANCIS H. FREEMAN.

Resident of Smethport Who Died Early Monday Morning—Burial Tuesday.

Francis H. Freeman died at his home at 2 o'clock Monday morning and in his death the community has lost one of its loyal citizens. Mr. Freeman was born in Bradford, Pa., Dec. 6, 1836, the son of Edwin and Elizabeth Chadwick Freeman. His early life was passed in Northern Pennsylvania and on June 10, 1861, at Warren, Pa., he enlisted as a private in Company D, First Pennsylvania Rifles—famous Bucktail regiment. In Company D he was promoted to the position of third lieutenant. The deceased was discharged from his first enlistment Sept. 10, 1861, on a surgeon's certificate of disability.

On regaining his physical vigor Mr. Freeman re-enlisted, at Warren, in Co. I, 14th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry. He sustained severe injuries at Harper's Ferry in the spring of '62 and was three months in a hospital there. In March of that year he was detailed as forage master of the brigade, holding that position for 26 months. In the winter of '64 he was furloughed for 10 days. Rejoining his regiment at Martinsburg, he took part in the battles at Hedgesville, Droop Mountain, Wytheville, Averells and was in the Salem Raid, Hunter's Lynchburg raid and was in numerous skarmishes, scouting expeditions, etc., making for himself a military record for valiant service and devotion to duty which deserved the highest praise. He was given his final honorable discharge May 30, 1865, at Alexander, Va.

The deceased came from "fighting stock," his maternal grandfather being Col. Elihu Chadwick of Washington's Continental Army in the Revolution. His brother, Dr. S. D. Freeman, was surgeon of the Bucktail regiment. Mr. Freeman was married to Eliza Augusta Wood, June 14, 1870, at Clarendon, Orleans county, N. Y., and Mrs. Freeman is left to mourn his loss. A sister, Melinda Engleby, of Custer City, also survives.

The deceased was made a Mason in the Bradford lodge of that fraternity, Feb. 28, 1867. From that lodge he transferred his membership to one at Medina, N. Y., in 1868; withdrawing therefrom Dec. 7, 1892. **He became a member of the Elisha Lodge of Smethport, Dec. 25, 1895, and continued his membership therein until his death.** He was an ardent and devoted believer in the principles of Masonary and always took a deep interest in the welfare of the Order. Masonary was his religion and he lived up to the ennobling teachings of this Order as close as any man we know. He had an unusually thorough knowledge of Masonary and nearly every young Mason in this vicinity owed him a debt for knowledge that could not be repaid.

And when the grave closed over the mortal remains of Francis H. Freeman, the earthly affairs of a patriotic citizen and soldier, a worthy and devoted frater, an upright and respected neighbor and a beloved husband and brother ceased. But the example of his life shall endure as time rolls on.

The funeral services were held on the lawn of H. C. Wells at 3:30 Tuesday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Harris officiating. Six brother Masons acted as pall bearers and his comrades in the War of the Rebellion were honorary pall bearers. McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., had charge of the funeral and over forty members turned out to pay their respects to their beloved brother, and the burial service was concluded by this body. The burial took place in Rose Hill cemetery.

A Three-Legged Colt.

Walter Judson possesses one of the queerest freaks of animals immaginable, a three-legged colt. It was born Tuesday morning and is in perfect condition with the exception of one forward pedal extremity. There seems to be no doubt of its ability to survive the curious inspections it is continually undergoing, and it will prove a valuable curiosity. Where the missing fore leg should be is a small wing-like appendix that takes the regular motion of stepping when the colt walks but, having but one front leg, gives the animal a jumping movement when it walks. As a curiosity it may prove very valuable but don't have the promise of making a very good driving horse.—Eldred Eagle.

Searching For A Wife

Am mining man, 34 years old, never married, good health, character, and some accomplishments. Have accumulated over $35,000 in Nevada mining and will settle down in beautiful California with the woman of my choice. Desire to know lady 18 to 30 years old, fair looking, possessing good common sense and who would appreciate good home. No objections to a widow. All correspondence confidentially received.

JOHN W. GRANT,
Truckee, California.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

Cruelly Beaten and Robbed.

Monroe Potter, 69 years old and his wife, whose age is 65, living on a farm on the road between Carrollton and Allegany, N. Y., were the victims of a **brutal gang of three masked robbers** early Tuesday morning, says the Era. In the house at the time were the aged couple and their daughter. The latter occupied an upstairs room, the door of which was firmly fastened. She was not molested, but doubtless would have been, had not the miscreants' plans been interfered with.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when Mr. Potter was awakened by a noise at his front door. He arose and was donning his clothing when the door was forced open with a crash and the robbers entered the building.

"Tell us at once where your money is or we'll kill you," was the command and threat which the spokesman of the miscreants uttered as he approached Mr. Potter.

Potter said he only had $10 in the house and this was given to the men. Potter was bound hand and foot.

"You have more money than that," the spokesman said. "You have lots of it here and we are going to get it." Then to emphasize his earnestness the fiend brutally struck and knocked down the old man, following this up with kicks and other ill treatment. Mr. Potter was dazed and helpless. Mrs. Potter sought to go to her husband's assistance. "Stay in that bed d—— you," was the command given her. "If you try to get up we'll finish you in d—— short order." They bound a pillow slip over Mr. Potter's head and again beat him.

The robbers then ransacked the house on the ground floor and continued their search up stairs. They tried to get into Miss Potter's room and failed.

They found no money except that first given them.

Meanwhile Mr. Potter had managed by strenous efforts to loosen one of his hands and with a pocket knife he severed his bonds. With agility not to be expected in so old a man, he hurried toward a neighbor's house for aid. He had not long been gone when the bandits discovered that he had tricked them and they started after him. He, however, was at his neighbor's house before they could overtake him. Then the three thugs disappeared.

On examination of the premises by the neighbors it was discovered that the robbers had broken the door by means of a large fence post. Papers and various objects and articles were scattered about the house. Mrs. Potter was in a highly excited condition. Her husband, owing to his ill treatment was nearly exhausted and in much pain. He was able, however, to give a description of one of the attacking party and this has been sent to police officers in surrounding towns. The man he said was 40 years of age, weight about 200 pounds; tall and dark complexioned; wore a black slouch hat, and a dark mustache. The other two were apparently younger men.

Martindale-Lyman Nuptials.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lyman on Water street, this borough, was the scene of a very pretty quiet wedding yesterday (June 16, 1909) at high noon, when Miss Donna Bell, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, was united in marriage to Mr. Roy E. Martindale of Olean. The wedding ceremony was performed in the parlor in the presence of the immediate family and a very of the most intimate friends of the bride. Rev. J. H. Graybeill, pastor of the Presbyterian church at St Marys, performed the ceremony, using the beautiful ring service of that church. The bride was attired in a neat traveling gown and the groom the regulation business suit.

Immediately following the congratulations of their friends present a dainty luncheon was served to the bridal couple and the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Martindale left on the afternoon Shawmut train, amid showers of rice and friendly greetings, for a short honeymoon trip which will include Buffalo and other cities after which they expect to make their home near Keating Summit.

The out-of-town guests were Mrs. Henry Martindale, mother of the groom, of Olean, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hanley of Shinglehouse, and Misses Rena and Frances Allen of Port Allegany.

Mr. Martindale is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. as telegraph operator at Relay, a station near Keating Summit, and is spoken of as a young man of excellent character and habits. The bride has been employed in the Bell Telephone office for some time and has always resided in Smethport where she has a host of friends who wish them a long and happy married life.

Automobile for Sale.

[illegible] nanteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers; fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This is a "snap" for some one and should be taken quick. Price complete $275.00.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.
tf Smethport, Pa.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Session Ended Saturday—Prisoners Were Sentenced.

On Thursday afternoon of last week the grand jury completed its duties and was discharged by the court, with its thanks for the able way it discharged its duties. This jury recommended that an annex be built to the county jail for the detention of juvenile prisoners.

Thomas Welch, charged with stealing an overcoat from a house on Newell avenue, Bradford, was found guilty. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $10; costs of prosecution and be imprisoned in the Western penitentiary for a period of not less than 9 months and not more than three years.

Barney Svymanski, a Kane tailor, was charged by Harold West, his employer, with the larceny of a coat which Barney had made. Barney stated that he kept the coat because of unpaid wages. The grand jury rendered "not a true bill" in this instance.

On technical grounds the indictment charging larceny against Ralph Niever, was quashed. The case will be given a fresh start at next term of criminal court.

The rooster-fighting case also collided with some technical obstructions and will be tried later on—after its real legal status is determined. This case is an outgrowth of the "main" pulled off some time ago near Farmers Valley.

Pasquale Morocco, of Jonnsonburg, was found guilty by the jury that acted on his case. He was convicted on the third count in the charge against him, the court being "felonious shooting" on Mike Carnso of Bradford. With Morocco another Italian named Pasquerino, was indicted, as also was the woman in the case, Mrs. Mike Carnso. The two latter were found not guilty. The felonious shooting was done from under a bed in the Bradford home of Mr. Carnso and the latter, who was able to be here as a witness, was reasonably certain that Morocco was the man who had shot him. Pasquale Morleco was sentenced to pay a fine of $10; costs of prosecution and be imprisoned in the Western penitentiary for a period of not less than 9 months nomuore than three years.

William Brennan was convicted of larceny of an overcoat in Bradford, and sentenced to pay a fine of $10; costs of prosecution and be imprisoned in the penitentiary for not less than nine months nor more than three years.

I. L. Taylor accused of breaking into a school house, was acquitted.

James and William Murphy, who pleaded guilty to breaking into a building and stealing hard cider, were paroled in the custody of—Davis Simpson of Turtle Point.

Major Goodrich of Bradford who had plended guilty to larceny charges, made a melo-dramatic appeal for leniency, promising to be good hereafter and not not do any more stealing, was paroled in the custody of Chief of Police Murray of Bradford.

William Halliday, burglar, was sentenced to pay a fine of $10; costs of prosecution and be imprisoned in the Western penitentiary for not less than two years and six months and not more than 10 years. Daniel Saunder, Halliday's pal, was given a like sentence and Lewis Halliday, another pal, received a similar sentence. Albert Boxey, who pleaded guilty of burglary, was paroled in the custody of A. G. Moses of Port Allegany. Boxey stated that he was hungry and that his wife and children were without food when he attempted to become a robber.

P. Reynolds, a Kane youth, was sentenced to the Huntington reformatory, at the intersection of the various streets to Chris. McCarthy. The forepart of the week a crossing was laid on Water street at the foot of Union.

He too, was convicted of burglary.

C. A. Rudenow, convicted of stealing a suit case, was sentenced to pay $10; costs of prosecution and be incarcerated in the county jail for nine months.

Carmine and Diadato Peccio, accused of violating the liquor law in various ways, were acquitted, but ordered to pay the costs.

The motion to bring a new indictment against the Mt. Jewett Herald for alleged libel, by Dr. Larson of Kane, was not acted upon. It goes over to next criminal term.

Demitte Genetri Gusta, an Macidonian, charged with shooting a kinsman who is now a patient at the County hospital on the Poor farm, will be tried next term. The victim of the shooting is slowly recovering. The defendant's bail is fixed at $5,000

Thomas Reilly, the Bradford man, who was charged with surety of the peace, was discharged, the county to pay costs.

Fred Dickinson of Eldred, convicted of desertion and non-support, was sentenced to pay $5 a week for the support and maintenance of his family and he was held in his own recognizance for the performance of the sentence.

Wanted—A competent girl for general house work. Good wages to right party. Inquire at FRY & COMES store.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

WORLD'S BEST HORSE STABLE.

The Great Empire City Farm a Model Horse Palace.

The finest breeding stable in the world is located in Cuba, Allegany county, N. Y. It was formerly opened for use on Saturday on the Empire City farm in Cuba and is known as the McKinney building, being named in honor of the greatest extreme speed producing stallion in the history of the world, McKinney 2:11 1-4, owned by William Simpson, of New York. This great building is located on one of the eight Allegany county stock farms owned by Mr. Simpson, and stands well back from the main road, midway between the Erie railroad and the old camp meeting grounds, on the road to Clarksville. The location is splendid and the great level, green fields form a fitting frame for the beautiful structure. The building is fire proof, cost over $150,000 and work on it has been under way for four years. Few Allegany county folks are aware that William Simpson has in Cuba and vicinity the finest collection of trotting horses in the whole world; about 250 in all, with his farms representing an investment of more than a million dollars.

The McKinney building is 341 feet long, 50 feet wide, built of re-inforced concrete, copper trimmed, roofed with red Spanish tile and ought to last a thousand years. It is the only building of the kind in the world built for breeding purposes and is absolutely fire proof. The building is equipped with a fine electric light plant being lighted throughout with electricity. There is a complete steam heating plant, covering every part of the building, a complete sewer system, a water system, supplying running water to all parts of the building. So complete is the sanitary arrangements that no odor of a stable exists. There are 30 large stalls on each side of the building, with a central entrance from both sides and entrances at each end. The main floor is of hard clay. The second floor is of concrete, the entire roof of concrete, all of the pieces of concrete and there is nothing to burn. On the second floor are the offices of the Empire City farms, the grain bins, and storage for the baled hay and straw. The lighting and ventilation of the entire building are perfect and the appointments throughout complete in every detail.

There are on the farms to-day about 250 horses, embracing stallions, brood mares and the youngsters owned by Mr. Simpson. In addition there are from 30 to 50 brood mares shipped here from stock farms for the season. The king of all of the horses of course is McKinney, 2:11 1-4. Mr. Simpson purchased McKinney six years ago, paying $50,000 for him and it is the general opinion that although McKinney is 21 years old, Mr. Simpson would not part with him for $100,000. McKinney is the sire of Sweet Marie, 2:02; Coney, 2:02; Zolock, 2:05 1-4; 21 in the 2:10 class; 18 in the 2:15 class; 67 in the 2:20 class and 104 in the 2:30 class. He stands in a class by himself as the greatest producer of extreme speed in the history of the world. McKinney is a beautiful coal black, pretty as a picture, kind and looks to be good for many more years of life. The second great stallion owned by Mr. Simpson is Axworthy, 2:15¼, the sire of Hamburg Belle, 2:01¾, and a long list of fast ones. Axworthy is now standing at the Marshfield farms, Lexington, Ky., in charge of R. L. Nash. Mr. Simpson paid $21,000 for Axworthy and John H. Shults, of New York, who sold him to Mr Simpson has been sorry ever since for he believes that Axworth is as great a sire as McKinney.

One of the most promising youngsters on the Empire City farm is Amar McKinney, two years old, who stepped a quarter on Saturday in 35 seconds and promises to be a turf wonder. Previous to Saturday the price on this fast one was $6,000 but after this performance the price was doubled and an offer of $10,000 refused. Within a month three youngsters and a brood mare have been shipped from the Empire City farm to St. Petersburg, Russia. Shipments are frequently made to other European countries, to California, Kentucky and other states where stock farms are located. Yearlings are sold all the way from $1,000 to $5,000, depending on the buyers' opinion of the speed possibilities of the youngsters. Many sales are made privately here at the farms and others at the sales in New York. A day or two spent at the farm by a horseman gives him the same rare enjoyment that a visit to the trout streams in the big woods of Pennsylvania gives to the ardent disciples of your Uncle Isaac Walton.—Bolivar Breeze.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, [illegible] farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

Wanted: Large tract of cheap land—5,000 acres or more. Star Realty Company, 832 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A RUN WITH THE EXTRA FREIGHT.

Through a Burning Forest With a Train Load of Powder.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.]

To live within sight and hearing of a railroad, to have a big brother who is an engineer on that railroad and to make trips with him whenever he will allow and school does not interfere, is a state of things calculated to please the average boy, and it did please Roy Kinsley, who was rather more than the average.

When he could sit on the high seat opposite Hal he felt like a king, and the only thing he needed in order to make him perfectly happy was a chance to run the engine if only for a few minutes. But that was something which Hal, who was a very careful engineer, never allowed.

Yet Roy seldom lacked occupation while on the engine, for if the bell was not to be rung nor the whistle to be blown he could always help Jack Dunn to fire.

One afternoon Hal came home looking vexed.

"Roy, do you want to go up to Silverton with me to-night?" he asked as his brother met him at the door. "Here I'm just back from my run and have got orders to take an extra freight up the Broadview line, which means only four hours' sleep if I get any. But that isn't the trouble. Dunn's sick and not fit to be out of bed, much less at work. I've got another man before morning, so you see how it is. Will you fire this trip for me?"

"Of course I will!" exclaimed Roy. "It's just what I want. Hooray!"

He rushed about to get his cap, overalls and heavy coat. Hal smiled at the boy's excitement.

"You won't be quite so chipper by the time we get to Silverton," said he. "It's hard, rough work enough when you have to keep it steadily even for a strong boy like you. It isn't like taking a turn at the shovel whenever you fancy."

"Well, I can do and will," declared Roy, following his brother toward the station. "And when I get too tired and lazy to work at all, I shall want to be put off."

A few minutes later the freight train pulled out of the yard. There were only [illegible] to be coupled to [illegible] Kinsley [illegible] to the opinion [illegible] a remarkably [illegible] appeared to be [illegible] although he said [illegible] was better.

The Silverton branch ran through an almost uninhabited country for a large [illegible] Seattle, [illegible] thirty miles from the [illegible].

The whole road was slant-in by thick woods on both sides throughout the greater part of this distance and was consequently far from presenting any objects of interest along its way. But Hal Kinsley did not find fault with it on that score. He had no grade crossings, switches nor signals to watch, no stray cows nor reckless men to avoid running over and no other trains to bother him.

"If railroading was always like this," he remarked, at the end of a few miles, "there would be a good many less accidents and a good many more engineers dying of old age. But still there's always a drawback somewhere."

"I don't see any now," Roy objected between two shovelfuls.

"You will, though, before we've gone much farther. Look at all this smoke!

"DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT?"

It means that the woods up the line are on fire and that we shall have to run in a smother so thick that we shan't be able to see our smokestack half the time."

Just then a man came scrambling over the tender into the cab. It was the conductor, Tom Brainerd, who looked even more dejected than when they started.

"Bad night, isn't it, Kinsley?" said he, staring through the front windows down the smoky vista made by the road, now rapidly growing dim in the twilight. "That fire was working toward the line when I came down this morning. We shall run pretty close to it, I'm thinking, for it shows a light already."

He pointed to a place where, in the distance, the darkening sky was stained with a dingy red glow which pulsated and flushed as the aurora does on a cold winter night.

"Well, what if we do?" returned Hal indifferently. "It isn't the first time we've seen a brush fire. Don't you remember last fall down on the southern branch when we—"

"Yes, yes," I remember that well enough!" snapped the conductor in an irritated manner. "But there's some difference between then and now, I can tell you. If we get through all right it'll be because"—

He stopped short in what he had been about to say, took another long stare ahead and then, without speaking again, climbed back over the tender, swung himself upon the first car and disappeared.

"What's got into Tom Brainerd tonight?" said Hal. "I never saw him this way before. If I didn't know he never touches a drop I should say he'd been drinking, but that can't be."

During the next half hour Brainerd repeatedly appeared on the top of the car, gazing toward the rapidly increasing light ahead. The occasional glare from the furnace door showed the same anxious, alarmed expression upon his usually stern face.

The cars were so few that he had no brakeman with him. This fact might account for his restlessness, since it obliged him to keep watch of the train. But why did he come here? He could have kept watch as well from his proper position in the lookout on the rear car.

"What can be the trouble with him?" Hal asked when Brainerd appeared for the tenth time above them. "He seems to be terribly afraid of that fire, but I can't see why he should be scared."

The train, making good time, had half finished its journey. The smoke had become so thick that nothing could be seen a rod away, and through it came the intermittent, fearful flashes of the great fire.

The air grew hot, and little drifts of ashes formed against the projecting parts of the locomotive. Sparks and dead cinders rattled against the cab windows.

"We are running right into it," said Hal, coughing and wiping his inflamed eyes upon his coat sleeve without removing either hand from the machinery.

"And it looks to me as if it was sweeping up on both sides of us," added Roy. "Is there any danger, Hal?"

"No," answered the engineer—"that is, not unless the heat warps the rails, which isn't probable, for the roadway is too wide for that. We'll blister our paint a trifle and maybe have to put out a blaze or two on the cars, but that'll be all. I've been in just such places before."

A few minutes passed, and then, as if a curtain had been drawn away, the smoke disappeared and the train plunged into relatively clear air between two lines of flaming trees which sent up great gushes of fire under the hurrying clouds of black vapor that they had rolled into the sky.

As far down the track as one could see, away to the vanishing point where the two burning fronts of the forest seemed to join, it was the same.

"Whew!" exclaimed Hal. "This is a scorcher! I'll let her out a bit and make a rush through it."

Just then Brainerd leaped into the cab.

"What are you doing, Kinsley?" he shouted. "You are not going on?"

"Going on?" gasped Hal, utterly amazed. "Of course I'm going on. I'm not afraid of a little fire, I hope; but, by George, Tom Brainerd, I believe you are."

"Reverse quick, man, and back us out!" said Brainerd in a harsh, resonant voice, seizing the engineer's arm with both hands. "Yes, I'm afraid. Reverse her, I tell you."

Hal pushed the conductor aside with a thrust of his strong elbow. "Don't you know better than that?" cried he angrily. "What's the matter with you, Tom Brainerd? You act like a crazy man."

"I'll be a dead one and you and the boy, too, if you don't back out," persisted Brainerd. "Do you know what we've got for freight?"

Hal and Roy looked at him half frightened. He had certainly lost his senses, they thought.

"No, and I don't care," said Hal. "But what is it?"

"Blasting powder!" screamed the conductor.

"What!" cried the brothers together.

"Yes, tons of it for the Silverton mines. And the handlers loosened the staves of two or three kegs when they loaded it, so that there's loose powder scattered all about the next car."

Kinsley pulled the throttle wide open. "Sit down, Tom," he commanded calmly without looking at the conductor. "We can't go back. The fire's all along that way by this time. We must put her through. Coal up, Roy, but not too much. Quick, boy!"

When in a position of peril a determined, strong willed man makes up his mind to a certain course there is something about him which makes all others yield to his plans. Brainerd did not attempt to assert his authority over the train, but sat perfectly still, his fists clinched, his eyes set. Roy, pale faced, but steady, fed the firebox as if he were a part of the machinery.

The engine leaped and bounded under Hal's hard driving, crushing and rattling so fiercely that the roaring flames on either side sent no sound to the ears of those in the cab.

Suddenly Brainerd sprang up, took a spare shovel, some cotton waste and a bucket of water and left the cab. Roy, turning, saw him on top of the freight car, scraping off the sparks and swabbing out the little fires which started upon the dry boards of the roof.

"Tom's a brave fellow," said Hal. "It was the worry and dread that made him weaken. You see, he knew where the fire was and knew what he had got to carry through it if he met it. But he's all right from this on."

Hal had momentarily taken his eyes off the track while saying this. When he turned them back he gave a nervous start and then, seizing the whistle cord, shrilled "Down brakes!" while with the other hand he closed the throttle.

"Quick, Roy, and put on our brakes back there!"

A great burning tree lay across the rails ahead. Even while Roy threw his weight on the brakes he was thinking, "What shall we do now?" and before he had finished turning the iron wheel he had thought.

The drag and jar behind showed that Brainerd, obeying Hal's signal, was setting the car brakes, and soon, the reduced speed allowing it, Hal reversed.

The locomotive, sliding and grating along, came slowly to a stand some yards from the blazing obstruction.

Before the train stopped Roy had opened his knife and cut away the leather curtain which closes the back of every engine cab. Rolling up the curtain, he plunged it into the water tank, drew it out dripping wet, threw it over his shoulders and, with an ax in his hand, jumped down and ran forward toward the burning tree.

Now he felt the heat as he had not felt it before, when under cover and

HE FELT THE TREE TRUNK BREAK.

fanned by the current of air made by the speed at which they had moved. The hot atmosphere struck through the soaked leather, and on his bare hands it was like glowing iron.

Roy chopped blindly on, and as he did so he wondered confusedly whether he could hold out long enough to finish his task and, if he could, how the ponderous trunk might be moved off the track. All the time he had in his mind the terrible contents of those thirty box cars now standing motionless beneath a shower of sparks.

"It's all up with us, I guess," he thought, still swinging the ax.

A yell came faintly to him from the rear. It was Hal's.

"Come back, Roy!"

With one final blow he felt the tree trunk break. Then he somehow managed to stagger to the side of the engine, and his brother lifted him on board.

"I can do the rest," said Hal.

He turned on the steam, backed some distance and then ran full tilt at the divided tree.

The pilot caught it, tossed it aside, and it fell end over end into the ditch. Once more the train flew on with wide open throttle.

The smoke came down again; the fire receded into the woods; the scorching heat diminished. As the train, leaping out of the forest into the cleared land around Silverton, drew up at the little station, Roy, who had lain exhausted on the footboard ever since his brother had pulled him up, looked up. He saw Tom Brainerd coming in black, blistered and without a particle of hair, eyebrows or mustache remaining.

"Well, boys," said he cheerfully, "the last powder freight's on time."

It was about all that was, too, and in a badly damaged condition. The engine's gay paint and varnish were peeling off in great flakes, and the bright brasswork was tarnished and blackened. The scared, charred cats were wonders to look at, especially when one thought what they held.

Tom Brainerd must have worked desperately all the time the train was in the burning forest in order to save them.

"Well, I did jump around rather lively," Tom admitted, "but it was no more than right for me to pay for my share of mischief."

Hal was the same as ever. The only praise he gave Roy was confined to one remark, but this remark conveyed the greatest compliment he could bestow.

"You'll make a railroad man some day, sonny," was what he said.

The Mirrors in the Stores.

"Shoplifters will do well to take notice of the position of mirrors in department stores," said a floorwalker. "It is not just for the sake of pleasing women customers that store proprietors put in so many mirrors. They serve a much more important purpose in helping to detect thieves. If you were to keep your eye on the watchers in some of the big stores you would notice that they don't watch the patrons directly. They look at their reflections in the mirrors. Naturally their watching done that way is much less easily perceived by a shoplifter. The thief glances at the watcher, sees that his back is toward her, and then she secretes a pair of silk stockings or a bolt of lace in her shirt waist. The next moment, however, she may feel an unfriendly tap on the shoulder, and the watcher, having detected her by the mirror's aid, requests her to accompany him to the office."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Smuggled Box.

A joker had some fun with the customs officials at New York some years ago. A servant had gone ashore from a German liner with a basket and was about to leave the pier when a passenger whispered to a customs officer that he had better see what the basket contained. Following the tip, the basket bearer was detained, and a wooden box was found among a lot of soiled linen. The box contained another and this still another box, the third securely fastened with screws. When these were removed a card was discovered on which was written in three languages, "This is the 1st of April. Many happy returns of the day."

A Diplomat.

Possible Client—And is the district at all malarial? My husband asked me to be careful to inquire about that. Agent—Er—what is your husband's business, madam? Possible Client—He is a physician. Agent—Hm-m—well—er—truth compels me to admit, madam, that there has been a good deal of it about here of late years.—Life.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

The Meeting Between an Ambitious Hunter and His First Grizzly.

In "Sketches of Life in the Golden State" Colonel Albert S. Evans tells an amusing anecdote of an ambitious hunter who met his first grizzly bear in procession. The incident occurred in the woods near the site of the present town of Monterey.

The hunter sat down to rest in the shade of a tree and unwittingly went to sleep. When he woke it was near sunset, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and contemplating a return to his hotel, several miles distant.

Just then a rustling and crackling noise from a clump of chaparral about 100 yards away attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear, a monarch of his kind. He yawned, licked his jaws and then advanced toward the tree where our hunter sat, but evidently was unconscious of his presence.

His grizzly majesty had proceeded about twenty paces when a female bear followed him, and an instant later a third grizzly followed her at a slow, shambling pace.

The hunter sat spellbound with terror as the procession came toward him until the forward grizzly was within thirty yards. Then, scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang to his feet and uttered a frenzied yell—yell upon yell!

The effect was magical. The foremost bear sprang into the air, turned sharply about, knocked the female down, rolled over her, gathered himself up and bolted "like forty cart loads of rock going down a chute" straight for the chaparral again, the other two bears close at his heels and never turning to see what had frightened them.

The hunter, seeing the enemy retreating, sprang to his feet and fled at top speed for the hotel, leaving hat and gun behind. The truth of his wild and startling tale was proved the next day by the numerous bear tracks of different sizes found in the marshy ground near by. But the three bears had gone off beyond pursuit.

Nurse and Nursery Combined.

A recent visitor to Brittany describes in the New Orleans Times Democrat the two story closed bed of the Breton peasant, in many cases richly carved and ornamented heir loom and always highly prized.

One day the visitor was expressing her admiration of a certain "lit-clos," when madam pulled the sliding panels apart and revealed the figure of her husband sleepily rubbing his eyes and wanting to know what was the matter. She calmly explained to him that the visitor wished to see the inside of the bed and then explained to the visitor that her good man had been out fishing since dawn and was very tired. The visitor begged him to close the panels and go to sleep again, which he immediately did, but not before she noticed that he was fully dressed. It seems that the Breton peasant always disappears into the "lit-clos" fully dressed and always emerges therefrom in the same condition. While her husband slept madam submerged on the advantages of a "lit-clos" in bringing up a family.

"I have had six children," she said, "and when they were little I used to put three in the top story and three in the bottom, then close the panels and leave them with an easy mind."

THE NEW ORE.

One of Andrew Carnegie's Early Iron Experiences.

Andrew Carnegie once stated that a short time after the starting of his first plant in Pittsburg he had an odd experience with iron ore.

"I was offered some ore that sampled about the usual grade, so far as I was able to judge from appearances, at a reduced price," he said. "I bought several thousand tons—a big order for those days. The second day after we commenced to run it the foreman came to the office and told me the new ore was of no account, that it did not flow and that the furnaces were so choked they would have to be dumped unless some remedy was found. Those fires were built to last two years, and to dump them at this time would mean so heavy a loss as to practically put me out of business. A young chemist had called on me a few weeks before, and, while I had not paid much attention to him, I had kept his card. It occurred to me that he might possibly be of some help, though I confess I did not then see what chemistry had to do with the iron business. But I sent for him, and he came at once. First he examined the new ore, and then the old that we had been running without difficulty, and finally he looked at the furnaces. To avoid delay he made a little test of the two ores right there. I had told him when he arrived that I felt sure the new ore was worthless and admitted my mistake in buying it. Of course I did this as I did not want him to think I was ignorant of the business. You can imagine my surprise, then, when at the conclusion of his test he quietly informed us that the new ore was so good we did not know how to run it. The fact was that the new ore contained 20 per cent more iron than the old, and all that it was necessary to do was to add a proportionate increase of fuel, I going about reduction."—American Industries.

Heat Conductors.

Some substances conduct heat more freely than others, silver among the metals being the best conductor, and as a unit of measurement is taken at 1,000. Compared with silver as a conductor, gold is 981, copper 845, zinc 641, tin 422, steel 397 and wrought iron 420. Glass, wood, gases, liquids and resinous substances are bad conductors. Water is such a poor conductor that if heat is applied to the top it will boil at the top, while the bottom will remain cold.

Reformed Spelling.

A commercial traveler tells us of an interesting spell exhibited in the window of a small shop in the west of England. It ran:

ONE GRONE UNE A POTT.

To subscribers of the new orthography this should be interesting. It refers to home grown honey and its price.—London News.

Extremely So.

"Pop, why did you eat the cake she baked?"

"I wanted to make it solid."

"Did you succeed?"

"I should say so. I felt like a ton of lead."—Cleveland Leader.

Marian's Way.

Mr. Hayseed—I see by the papers that the Atlantic coast is only a trolley ride from Chicago. That's the way I'd like to live.—Philadelphia Press.

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A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

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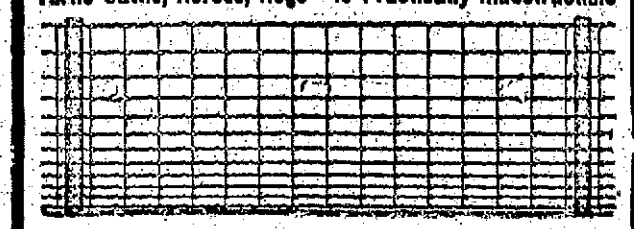

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 17, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—It is said that the new pantaloon gown is unpopular.

—Read the advertisement of Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—Fry & Comes tell of a reduction in silks in their advertisement to-day.

—The milk of human kindness is not so plentiful that anyone can afford to let it sour.

—Saturday was tag day for the Children's Home in Bradford and many tags were worn in town.

—The Epworth League bible study course for the month of June is being conducted by James McGowan.

—Kenneth MacGowan, a son of W. L. MacGowan, distinguished himself by the heroic rescue of Marion Dove, aged 11 years, who was nearly drowned while bathing in the Conewango river, says a Warren exchange.

—Miss Gertrude E. Curtis, a colored young lady who graduated from the Bradford High School in 1900, has recently been granted a diploma to practice dentistry by the New York College of Dental and Oral Surgery.

—Doc. Ostrander of Smethport, Don Fessenden of Roulette and James McConnell of Coudersport met our delegate here and journeyed to Harrisburg Monday to meet in the Great Planting Dance in that city this week. That was a bunch of red devils from the forest that must have made the scalpers from other tribes sit up and take notice when their tomtoms commenced to beat.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A resident of Rock street in Ridgway, who keeps hens and raises chickens, had an experience which puzzles him, says the Ridgway Record. He set a hen on fourteen eggs and she attended strictly to business, so that in due progess of time the nest was filled with chickens. The owner of the hen carefully removed the chickens and counted them. There are fourteen of them, yet there remained in the nest six unhatched egg.

—New cement walks are being laid around the S. J. Gifford residence at the corner of Mechanic and Bank streets occupied by Editor Lindsley.

—The Mrs. Mary Reynolds house and acre of land at Friendship, N. Y., was sold Thursday through the Herrick Agency to Mrs. Nancy Evans of Inavale who will take possession at once.

—This thing of courting another man's wife", says the Stanton Dispatch, "is a very dangerous proceeding; and, it is wholly unnecessary. There are a great many marriageable unmarried women still to be found, and some of them almost as attractive as the married women. The difference is not worth being shot for. And some of these can certainly be won to matrimony with half the effort required to dodge bullets and pay court to married women. If it is strenuousity and excitement a man is hunting there are other ways of getting these, just as lawful. Play football."

—R. K. Godding, editor of the Kane Republican, has received the endorsement of Congressman Chas. F. Barclay for the appointment of postmaster of Kane, which is practically equivalent to the appointment. And we hasten to congratulate Mr. Godding's good fortune. Editor Godding was formerly employed on the MINER and Democrat and was a resident of this place for some time previous to moving to Kane, and he made many friends here who are proud to learn of his recognition. Mr. Godding has been editor and manager of the Kane Republican for upwards of fifteen years and has done much good work for the upbuilding of that enterprising place. It is none too often that newspaper men are recompensed for their work for the good of their political party and the town in which they reside and we are more than pleased to learn that Bro. Godding has thus been favored.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always result in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

MODERN TROGLODYTES.

The Matmatas, the Cave Dwellers of Tunisia, Africa.

One of the strangest of capital cities is that of the troglodytes, or Matmatas, the cave dwellers of Tunisia, Africa. It contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and the principle of its architecture is to dig into the earth rather than to build upon it. These troglodytes are to be found between the town of Gabes, on the Tunisian coast, and the said hills of the Sahara. The country is a high, rocky plateau, barren, sun baked and swept by the simoom. When a Matmata wants a new dwelling he chooses his spot, traces a circle and then digs until he has reached the desired depth, which varies according to the number of stories he requires.

The rooms consist of caves hollowed out in the sides of the circular pit, the bottom of which forms a patio, or courtyard, which is the usual feature of a Moorish house. Besides the rooms, a passage is also dug, communicating with the outside world, and a door is made at the outer end.

The soil, which is a kind of malleable clay, is easily cut and lends itself well to excavation, the roof of each room requiring no support as long as it is arched. These underground dwellings are not damp.—Chicago News.

POSITION FOR SLEEP.

A Variety of Opinions Among Eminent French Medical Men.

A number of eminent French medical men have given their opinion to the Matin of Paris on what they consider the healthiest position for sleep.

Dr. Delorme, army medical inspector, declares that the natural position is to lie flat on one's back. Professor Debove and Dr. Daventere of the School of Hygiene are of the same opinion and point out that lying on either side causes pressure of the arm, which may eventually bring about paralysis.

Dr. Landouzy of the medical faculty says that the best position is the most comfortable position, and this is acquired by habit. It would be well, however, to accustom oneself to sleep on the right side. Dr. Letulle of the Medical academy maintains emphatically that the sleeper should always lie on the right side and thus avoid indigestion and heart troubles.

In startling contradiction comes a statement from a heart specialist, Dr. Huchard: "I always sleep on my left side, and I think it is quite immaterial whether you lie on your left or right side. The idea, however, that those who cannot lie on the left side suffer from heart affection is quite erroneous."

What Brown Did.

Mrs. and Mr. Brown—that isn't the usual way of putting it, but it was the way they rumbled—had been invited to a party where, Mrs. Brown understood, there was to be a host of literary lions. Mrs. Brown is an extremely handsome woman and just enough of a coquette to attract men about her wherever she goes.

Not long after they had arrived Mrs. Brown had four men around her, while Brown was pretending to be interested in some books scattered around on a corner table. Mrs. Brown inquired of the men in turn as to just what sort of literature they produced. One confessed he was a coffee broker; another was a doctor, the third was a machinery salesman. The fourth man admitted cheerfully that his only service to literature was reading books and newspapers. At this point Brown joined the group, and the coffee broker suggested to the lady that she might ask the newcomer what he did.

"Oh," remarked Mrs. Brown, placing B. at once in the discard, "he's my husband."—Exchange.

Extinct.

"Bessie," said the teacher of the class which taught all about birds—in the school prospectus it was called the "ornithological division"—"give me the name of one bird which is now extinct."

Bessie wrinkled her brows.

"What's extinct, please?" she asked.

"No longer existent," explained the teacher. "Can you name one?"

"Yes," piped Bessie readily. "Dick."

"Dick—Dick?" repeated the teacher. "And what kind of bird is a 'Dick,' please?"

"Our canary," answered Bessie. "The cat extincted him."

Marquis.

The designation marquis is the second in the five orders of English nobility. The term originally indicated persons who had the care of the marches of a country. The word marches is the plural of mark, which in its political sense signifies boundaries. Such were the lands on the borders of England and Scotland and of England and Wales.

Early Football Players.

Football was for many years the national game of Florence. The season was from January to March, and the ladies and gentlemen of Florence and the populace as well were wont to assemble on the Piazza Santa Gloce to witness the game, which was called "calcio," from the word meaning "to kick." The last game was played in 1739.

Corrected.

Employer (angrily)—Young man, what do you mean by sitting there doing nothing for the last half hour? Don't you know better than to waste your time in that way? Office Boy—I ain't wastin' my time. It was some of yours.—Chicago News.

Be not arrogant when fortune smiles nor dejected when she frowns.—Antonina.

Cautious.

Cook (angrily)—See here, you little imp, did you take that cake off the shelf? Small Boy (son of an attorney)—I decline to answer any questions until I have conferred with my lawyer.—Chicago News.

Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.—Talmud.

ESAW WOOD.

And the Story of the Saw Esaw Saw Saw Wood.

Esaw Wood sawed Wood.
Esaw Wood would saw wood!

All the wood Esaw Wood saw Esaw Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esaw saw to saw Esaw sought to saw.

Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood saw with which Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood saw that would saw wood; so Esaw sought a saw that would saw wood.

One day Esaw saw a saw saw wood as no other wood saw Wood saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood saw that would saw wood as the wood saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood saw that would saw as the wood saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esaw Wood saw wood with the wood saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now Wood saws wood with the wood saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood the wood saw Wood saw would saw!

Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood saw Wood saw would saw if the wood saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood saw Wood saw would saw.—Woman's Home Companion.

A PLUCKY LAWYER.

The Way Stewart Returned a Desperado's Threat.

"The late Senator Stewart believed in muscular Christianity, and many a rough and tumble fight did he have in the old days in California and Nevada," said a California congressman.

"He was not quarrelsome, but he was never known to run away from an encounter, and as he was a powerful man physically there were not many who were keen to tackle him. On one occasion a noted desperado was interested in a mining suit and sent word to Stewart, who was attorney for the other side, that if he appeared to argue the case he might count on being killed. The fellow had slain half a dozen men, but his threat in nowise intimidated the plucky young lawyer. The desperado had a well known system of hiding a pistol in his coat pocket and shooting his man without openly drawing the weapon. This, Stewart knew, and so when he walked into the courtroom the first thing he did was to lay down a bowie knife about a foot and a half long and as big around as his arm as a young cannon on the table directly in front of him. Then, stormily eying the bad man he said: 'I hear you mean to kill me if I argue this case. That's a game two can play at. That pistol you have in your coat isn't worth a cent against this layout. The minute you put your right hand in your pocket I'll send a bullet into you, and if that doesn't finish you this knife will.'

"An old miner who was present and told me the story said the fellow turned white as a sheet and slunk out of the courtroom to appear no more."—Baltimore American.

To Improve Flight.

During a big Presbyterian convention in 1903 a rhetorical Scotchman from Ohio got the floor. His speech was replete with mingled humor and sarcasm. In the course of it, says the Rev. Galusha Anderson in a book entitled "A Border City During the Civil War," he made this remark about his own eloquence:

"The speech of the brother from this city brought to my mind an experience of my school days. I wrote an oration and handed it to my teacher.

"When he had examined it he called me to him and said:

"'Taylor, if you would only pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them into the tail of your judgment you would write a good deal better.'"

The Best Part of the Speech.

Young James had never heard his papa speak in public, and it was thought time to take him to hear his father deliver a lecture. During the evening a stray dog which ventured upon the platform was disposed of as gracefully as possible. On the way home James was asked how he liked his father's lecture and gave the answer, "It was all right, papa, but I liked the part where you put the dog out the best."—Delineator.

When Real Knowledge Comes.

"Mamma," asked a little girl, "how long did you know papa before you married him?"

"My dear," replied the mother, "I was acquainted with your father for several years, but I really didn't know him until after we were married!"

The Boy and the Professor.

"I was mimicking Professor Bore yesterday, and he caught me."

"What did he say?"

"Told me to stop making a fool of myself."

Optimistic.

"Is Jones an optimist?"

"Is he? He found a ticket entitling him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day, and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

Answered.

Bobby—What's the simple life, pa? Father—Doing your own work, my son. Bobby—And what's the strenuous life? Father—Doing some other fellow's work. Now run along and play.

Reminders.

Mrs.—He said I reminded him of a Greek goddess. Mr.—Huh! Mrs.—What do I remind you of? Mr.—Of every darned thing I overlook that you ask me to do.—Cleveland Leader.

A CLEVER SWINDLE.

Ingenious Scheme Worked by a Parisian Vagabond.

The manager of a fashionable Paris restaurant fell into a neat trap not very long ago. A man named Davel, who had only recently been released from prison, called a cab and told the driver that he was the Count d'Abbeville and that he had bet a friend a large sum of money that, dressed in a tramp's rags, he would eat a dinner at one of the most exclusive hotels. If the cabman would arrange the matter for him with the manager of the hotel the count would pay him handsomely.

The cabman drove up to a luxurious restaurant, took the manager aside and whispered the information that his disreputable looking fare was really a count in disguise and then related the story of the bet. The manager fell into the trap, and the ex-prisoner was served with an excellent dinner with many wines.

The meal over, the man declared that he was no count and that he had no money. The manager laughed heartily at the splendid way his guest played his part, but by and by the truth dawned on him. A policeman was called in, and the ingenious swindler was led away, imperturbably smoking a five franc cigar.—New York Sun.

The Lion's Rush.

The wisest and most experienced can never tell what a lion will do. Lion hunting, to my mind, has a charm all its own. Nothing compares with it and no driving of ravines or swamps or catching the great cat at his kill is comparable to the joy and steady excitement of tracking him down. He chooses the ground. You follow him into it. You pit yourself against him. Crouching flat against the yellow earth, perhaps covered only by a few inches of grass, he is almost unbelievably hard to see. His rush and spring from a few yards distance is the fastest thing in the world. No animal can escape it, much less clumsy, slow hooved man. He has a chance to pay off on man, the universal lord and master, the wrongs of the animal world, and here in East Africa the lion's revengeful toll taken on human life and limb mounts high.—Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford in World's Work.

The Rubber Tree.

The "India rubber" plant—Ficus elastica—is a great tree in the tropical countries in which it flourishes, often reaching as much as a hundred feet high. Imposing, indeed, it looks in such conditions, with a vast leafy crown extending over forty or fifty feet outward on each side of the massive trunk and with immense buttressing roots twisting and winding along above the ground in such a way as to lead the natives of India and Ceylon to call it the "snake tree." Sometimes these roots grow up into the trees and make the tree look like the banyan, to which, it may be mentioned, it is botanically related.

The Usual Place.

"Can you swim, Corporal Brown?" asked an elderly major.

"Yes, sir."

"You can? Where on earth did you learn?"

"Not on any earth, sir. I learned in the water!"—London Tit-Bits.

Past Tenses.

"It ees, however," said the distinguished foreigner as he concluded his story, "simply a matter of heardsaid."

"You mean 'hearsay,' of course, count?"

"Ah, but zis was told me some time ago!"—New York Journal.

Tactful.

"Whatever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket comb? He's as bald as a billiard ball."

"That's just it. I want to make him think I never noticed it."

The Only Difficulty.

"The world owes me a living."

"That's all right, old man, as long as you can get somebody to stake you while you are trying to collect the bill."—Boston Herald.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have often cakes make from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH,

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday June 17, 1909.

In his last issue Brother Layman of the Reporter digs into the county commissioners on account of that place not receiving State aid for improved roads. If we are correctly informed the fault does not lie with the commissioners, but higher up.

At the Republican State convention in Harrisburg yesterday the following nominations were made: Justice of the Supreme Court, Judge Robert Von Moschzisker, of Philadelphia. Auditor General, Senator A. E. Sisson, Erie. State Treasurer, Jeremiah A. Stober, Lancaster.

The improved order of Red Men in convention at Harrisburg the other day were addressed by Gov. Stuart. He received an ovation when he concluded his speech, but nothing compared with the demonstration which followed a declaration from Past Great Sachem A. C. Holland of Philadelphia, who after saying that he and the Governor were boys together, and that he had predicted that "Ned" Stuart would one day be Governor of Pennsylvania, announced that he now predicted that the same "Ned" Stuart would be President of the United States. For a few minutes the assembled Red Men fairly raised the roof and the Governor was compelled to bow repeatedly in response to outbursts of applause. No better plan for the Presidency could be found than "Ned" Stuart would be.—Era.

All the freaks of nature which people have been remarking lately are due, according to Edwin F. Nualty, to the new comet which he and Dr. Brook of Hobart college announced to the world three weeks ago. This behavior threatens to become worse until such time as the comet shall pass the earth and its light reaches us by recession instead of reflection, as now. That means that June will continue to be as little like its old self as were the earlier months of the year. By July the transit ought to be made and let the weather swing back to normal. Meanwhile, says Mr Nualty, watch out for more marine disasters. The two that furnished startling news last week are only the beginning of a series. Ship compasses have gone wrong from this evil influence, Mr. Nualty says, and mariners find guides that have always been their main reliance running to all sorts of error. He also declares that in swinging around the Arctic regions the comet has driven polar ice southward, causing periods of abnormal cold. Mr. Nualty says that in respect to this continent, the danger zone extends in a straight line from Galveston to St. John, N. B. A tornado reported Friday at Dallas shows what the comet has already done in the south.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Finance Committee has practically determined upon the presentation of an amendment to the tariff bill providing for a tax on dividends of corporations, as a substitute for the inheritance tax amendments. President Taft is heartily in favor of this form of special tax and it will be known, probably, as the "Taft amendment." There are many Republicans who feel it necessary to vote for an income tax, or some substitute for the same purpose, and when the President learned that the organization was still short a few votes necessary to refer the income tax amendments to the Committee on Judiciary, he gave new impetus to the corporation tax proposition and advised its presentation as a substitute. The details of the proposed amendment are yet to be worked out. A tax of two per cent. on the dividends of corporations is the suggestion of the President, but whether that percentage will be adopted by the committee remains to be determined and will depend largely, no doubt, on the estimates of the probable revenue, which are now to be compiled with greater accuracy than heretofore. One thing seems to be settled, and that is that such an amendment will provide for the imposition of this special tax for a specified period, two or perhaps three years. Some Senators are heartily in favor of the President's plan, while others would prefer to postpone the enactment of special taxes until next year, on the ground that it will then be possible to determine the precise revenue producing power of the new tariff law. Those who favor it submit that a tax of two per cent on the dividends of corporations would be insufficient to amount to a hardship to any stockholders, that such a tax would prove immensely popular with the great majority of the voters, etc., and they believe, too, that were a proposition so favored by the Chief Executive to be incorporated in the bill it would insure for it a heartiness of support by him and possibly a leniency in dealing with the schedules which would facilitate the work of the joint committee on conference. And last, but not least, the claim is put forth by those who favor such an amendment that the Republican party would be in a better tactical position could it go into the campaign of 1910 with a record of having enacted legislation which is accumulating a surplus in the Treasury instead of enacting a measure which barely meets, or perhaps falls just short of meeting, the federal expenses.

The announcement of the probable substitution of this amendment for the income tax amendments of Senator Bailey and Cummins brought those two Senators together immediately in a determination to bury their differences and unite on a common measure. They have agreed on a measure which includes the fundamental provisions of the Cummins amendment and the non-essentials of the Bailey amendment; and they now insist that they propose to press its adoption with all their power. This is interpreted to mean a line-up of President Taft and Senator Aldrich, backed by the Republican organization on one side, and Senators Cummins and Bailey, backed by the "insurgent" Republicans and the Democrats on the other side. The income tax amendment agreed upon by Senators Cummins and Bailey provides for a tax of two per cent. on all incomes exceeding $5,000 a year, with a provision for the reimbursement of those stock-holders in corporations whose total incomes do not exceed $5,000.

Whatever probability there may be of a prosecution of the Sugar Trust, pursuant to the compromise of the suit brought against the trust by the Pennsylvania Refining Company, the officials of the Department of Justice decline absolutely to discuss the subject. The Attorney General is opposed, naturally, to announcing in advance the purpose of his department to institute a prosecution, and nothing will be made public, at least by him until after the investigation is completed. There are broad intimations at the White House however, that the Attorney General has been instructed to conduct such an investigation.

While no great enthusiasm is displayed at the Department of State over the information that certain American banking institutions have arranged to take up a portion of the tripartite loan of $27,500,000 to China recently announced, it appears that the administration was in a measure responsible for it. Every step in the advancement of China will be welcomed by this administration, as it was by the last, and under proper conditions it will be glad to see American capital flow into the empire. This loan, however, is to be secured by a special tax, despite the fact that informal promises were made to the last administration that such tax would be abolished and Chinese finances placed on a modern and practical basis. The United States cannot hold China to that promise, of course, but it cannot but feel some apprehension at any extension of China's indebtedness on a basis which must serve to perpetuate that tax. Concurrently, regarding China's progress

The Lark's Song.

A writer on "The Wonders of the Spring" says that the volume of sound produced by the skylark is most wonderful. "The lark ascends until it appears no larger than a midge and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note of its song will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the spot over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Yet this bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings."

Still Held the Grudge.

Medium (at seance)—Is there a Mrs. Kersmith in the audience? Her first husband wishes to converse with her.

Mrs. Kersmith—There is, but you can tell him I don't care to have any confabulations with him. Tell him that when I went to collect his life insurance I found he'd let it lapse.—Chicago Tribune.

A Boy's Definition.

A bright schoolboy defined "anodyne" as "something to a sausage pan" and then brought Webster's Unabridged to his skeptical teacher with his finger pointing triumphantly to the words "serving to assuage pain."

Futures.

"There goes a man who has made a great deal of money dealing in futures."

"A wheat speculator?"

"No; a fortune teller."—Baltimore American.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—DeWitt's is the original. Be sure you get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. It is good for cuts burns and bruises, and especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition. One dress form as good as new. Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

We do not know of any other pill that is as good as DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills—small, gentle, pleasant and sure pills with a reputation. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

All members of the K. O. T. M., No. 8, are notified that a meeting will be held in the I. O. O. F. hall on Thursday evening, June 24. Election of officers.

A. H. KIDDER, Record Keeper.

Do you want a new backboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

HOLMES & GILLIGAN.

Alfred Sturdivant has a new soft drink, Raspberry Cream. Try it.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 12, 1909:

Burns, Ben (2).
Kelly, Jas. (2).
Long, Jack.
Miller Construction Co.
Welch, F. B.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Every housekeeper who has used Campbell's Varnish Stain is delighted with the results obtained. Nothing else like it they say. So easy to apply, and so durable. J. C. Hamlin carries a full line of this popular stain.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

McCALL PATTERNS 10¢ AND 15¢ NONE HIGHER

McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50¢ A YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

McCALL PATTERNS
Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability; nearly 40 years the leading pattern in every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More McCall Patterns are sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—nearly a million a month. It is the recognized authority on correct dress, and each issue keeps more than up to the times. Subscription price, 50 cents a year, or with a free pattern, 60 cents. Sample copy and premium catalogue free.

WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS
to Agents. Postal will bring you free sample copies and full particulars. Address

THE McCALL CO., 238 to 248 W. 37th St., NEW YORK

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

You Ought to Have a Copy of Our June Real Estate List.

It contains a splendid list of business propositions and you may find in it just what you are looking for. We describe in the June list

152 PRODUCTIVE FARMS,
99 VILLAGE HOMES,
15 CITY HOMES,
9 GENERAL STORES,
4 DRUG STORES,
10 GOOD HOTELS,
2 CLOTHING STORES,
1 SAW MILL,
4 TIMBER LOTS,
10 OIL PROPERTIES.

Send a stamp to-day for a copy and write us what you want to buy. If you want to sell any property, it will be to your advantage to enlist our Splendid Selling Service.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

DeWITT'S CARBOLIZED WITCH HAZEL SALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE!
FOR 21 DAYS,

Of Clothing of all kinds, and Gents' furnishing goods and shoes of all kinds.

This Sale begins JUNE 19th; continues until JULY 13th

I have been overstocked with all kinds of merchandise—more than is necessary to keep for the town and I will sell this merchandise for 60 cents on a dollar to dispose of the goods. I want the money to invest in something else. Here you are

125 Men's Suits, well made, of Cashmere and Worsted, that were from $7.50 and $8.50, at this sale only $4.65 per suit. 100 Men's Suits of Fancy Worsteds in all colors, the best made, that were from $10.50 to $12.50, at this sale only $7.48. 150 Men's Suits of all Wool worsted in all colors, tailor made, that were from $13.50 to $16.00, at this sale only $9.75 per suit. 90 Men's Suits in all wool Black Thibet and all wool Blue Serge and Imported Broadcloth that were from $17 to $18, at this sale only $9.95 per suit. 90 Youths' suits, size 15 to 20, in all colors, that were from $8 to $9, at this sale only $4.98. 160 Boys' suits, size 9 to 16, all colors, that were from $2.50 to $3.50, at this sale only $1.25 and $1.95 per suit. 250 Boys' suits that were from $3.75 to $5.00, at this sale only $2.25 and $2.65 per suit. 400 pair Men's best working pants that were from $1.25 to $1.35, at this sale only 69 cents per pair. 320 pair Men's pants in Cashmere, fancy Worsted, that were from $2.25 to $2.75, at this sale only, goes $1.65 and $1.95 per pair. 275 pair pants of all wool Cashmere and all wool Worsted, that were from $4.50 to $5.50, at this sale only $1.98 and $2.98 per pair. 75 dozen best Men's working shirts in all colors, that were from 50 to 60 cents, at this sale only 39 cents each. 150 dozen Men's fine dress shirts with or without the collars, that were from 50c to $1.00, at this sale only 39 cents each. 100 dozen Men's fine all silk neckties in all styles and colors that were from 25 to 50 cents, at this sale only 10 cents each. 75 dozen Men's fine dress hose in black and brown that were from 18 to 20 cents per pair, at this sale only 9 cents per pair or 3 for 25 cents. All shoes in Men's, Ladies', Boys', Youths' and Children's, 35 per cent. less than the regular price. Hats and caps will be sold at very low prices. These goods are all new goods and the latest and up-to-date.

NOTICE:—Don't forget this sale commences the 19th day of JUNE and lasts until JULY 13th, 1909. You have no idea how much merchandise you will get for little money. Thanking you for past favors, I remain,

Yours truly,

MAX SCHOOLAR, Proprietor,
Main Street, Reilly Block, Opposite Commercial House,
SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

$3.25 $3.25

NIAGARA FALLS

Five-Day Excursion
From NEWTON

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, '09

Train leaves NEWTON 8:01 p. m.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RAILWAY

LADIES' OXFORDS
—IN—
Russia Calf
Tan Vici
and
Pat. Colt
—Is the Bill at—
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE
FOR THIS WEEK

HIGH SPEED GASOLINE

WAVERLY GASOLINES
never fail—guaranteed best for all Auto purposes. Three brands:
76°—MOTOR—STOVE
Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Cost no more than the ordinary kind.
Your dealer knows—ask him.
Waverly Oil Works Co., Independent Oil Refiners Pittsburg, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,831.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.85
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

A SUPERIOR QUALITY
of ICE CREAM and SODA WATER at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.
Headquarters for Fresh, Pure Drugs and Medicines, Cigars, Stationery, Rubber Goods, &c.

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of
STOVES
think of
STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

E-268

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one the runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Farm For Sale 7,000 Properties Describing Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Farms, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1, World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Phila.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

The Lindhom Company

Women's Stylish Tailored Suits

$14.00 values now	$9.50
22.50 " "	16.75
25.00 " "	18.50
27.50 " "	20.00
35.00 " "	25.00

Wonderful Waists for Little Money

That's what the women say of our waists. See them yourself. Priced from 75c up.

Warm weather Gowns and Suits

These are a new line and we assure you that we have exerted every effort to show you the most popular garments. White and colored dresses, ready to wear, neat, cool and inexpensive, but they are just it.

Priced from $3.50 to $13.50.

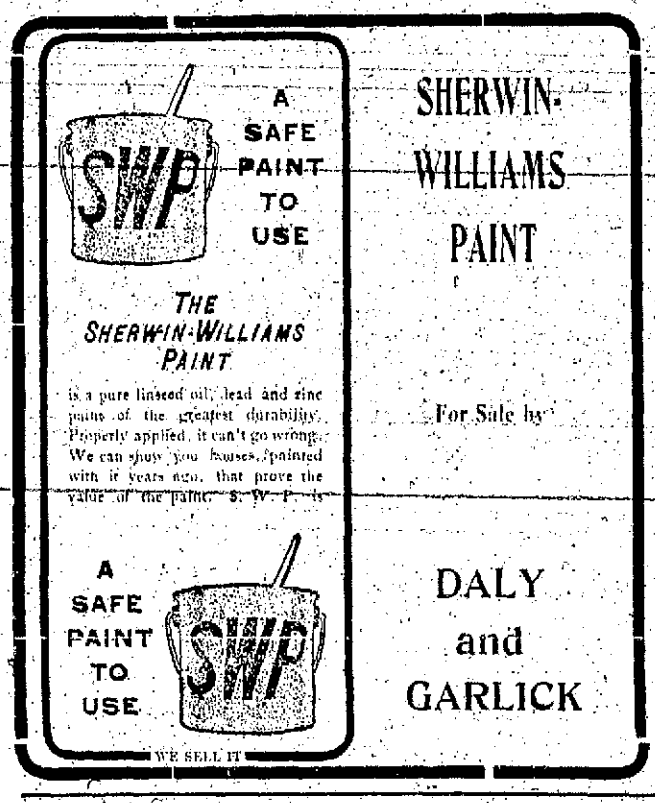
Suits $5.00 to $12.00.

Wash Dresses and Jumper Suits $3.50 to $6.50.

White Wash Skirts $1.25 and up.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.


A SAFE PAINT TO USE
SWP
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
is a pure linseed oil, lead and zinc paint of the greatest durability. Properly applied, it can't go wrong. We can show you houses, painted with it years ago, that prove the value of the paint. S. W. P. is
A SAFE PAINT TO USE
SWP
WE SELL IT
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
For Sale by
DALY and GARLICK

McLean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 17, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Daisies are in bloom.

—Last Monday was Flag Day.

—J. W. White is having his house on King street repainted.

—The residence of S. F. Redfield on West Main street has been repainted.

—The extention of the Shawmut railroad through Eldred makes that town pretty busy this summer.

—A new cement walk is being placed in front of the Reick building occupied by Wm. Monheimer's clothing store.

—Always something new at Monheimer's—this time 'tis his "Shirt ad" on this page that should draw trade to his store.

—Max Schoolar has a large advertisement in this issue telling of a big sale which starts next Saturday, June 19th, at his store in the Reilly block.

—Tuesday evening at her request the I. O. O. F. band serenaded Mrs. Elizabeth Emery, who is seriously ill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Eberspacher.

—Sunday morning there will be a baptismal service for children in the Methodist Episcopal church. In the evening Children's Day services will be held.

—A well drilled two feet into the sand on Pierce Brook Tuesday is reported to be a first-class gas well and also has a good showing of oil. The well will be finished on Friday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harley T. Sawyer announce the engagement of their daughter, Lorraine, to Mr. Rex Lewis Stark of this place. The wedding to take place early in July.

—In a letter to this office from Boston Rev. J. Heber McCandless says that Mrs. McCandless is improving. This is good news to her many friends in Smethport and vicinity.

—On Tuesday night of last week burglars broke a big plate glass window in E. W. Hevner's store at Mt. Jewett and secured about $100 worth of plunder. No clue has been found.

—Yesterday at noon an Italian was brought up from Eldred and lodged in jail to await trial at the October term of court. He is charged with assaulting a fellow countryman with a bottle.

—We are pained to learn that Mrs. Harry Eshbaugh of Kushequa has lost the sight of one eye and is in great danger of losing the other. The affliction is caused by some ills she received years ago.

—Contractor Gipp is putting in his spare time constructing a tennis court in the rear of the Hamlin & Forrest office on Main street. When completed it will be one of the finest in this section.

—On Tuesday Deputy Sheriff J. L. Morrison, ex-Sheriff G. W. Mitchell and County Commissioner J. A. Peterson took the seven prisoners sentenced by Judge Bopton last week to the penitentiary.

—There is talk of putting in a trolley line between Falls Creek and Kane, taking in St. Marys, Ridgway and numerous other towns along the line. This would be a great benefit to all towns on the line.

—The writer and his better half, through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, had the pleasure of visiting Frog Camp last Sunday and we are pleased to note that this resort is being constantly improved.

—The borough council has awarded the contract of putting in cement walks at the intersection of the various streets to Chris. McCarthy. The forepart of this week a crossing was laid on Water street at the foot of Union.

—William Groves of Coudersport and Daniel Bauder of Galeton were here Tuesday night, on their way to Chicago on foot. They are not trying to break any records but are just out to see the country and enjoy life in the open air.

—Mrs. George Bayer of Keating township went to Buffalo on Monday where she entered a hospital for treatment. Mrs. Bayer has been ill for several months past and she expects to have to undergo an operation before returning home.

—The dance given by the I. O. O. F. Band Tuesday evening was a decided success. A good sized crowd was in attendance and all enjoyed themselves hugely. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the music and excellent refreshments were served.

—Through an oversight no mention was made last week of the baccalaureate sermon delivered by Rev. J. F. Dugan at St. Elizabeth's church on Sunday evening, the 6th inst. The editor had outside assistance in writing up part of the Commencement Exercises and when we came to get the whole article together we entirely forgot that this sermon had not been mentioned. The services were largely attended and the sermon was both instructive and pleasing to the large audience.

—With its issue last week the Potter Enterprise entered into its 36th year and its new editor, J. M. Gedhill, took charge of that paper. The Enterprise has always been one of our most valued exchanges and we trust it will so continued with Mr. Gedhill at the helm.

—A wreck on the Shawmut Railroad at the Coryville station yesterday morning did considerable damage. A car loaded with glass bottles was derailed and before the train stopped it was shoved into a ditch and badly demolished. This blocked the morning passenger train for several hours.

—Mr. Alfred L. Provin of East Smethport and Mrs. Eileen J. Churchley of Buffalo, N. Y., were married recently at St. Paul's Episcopal church, Buffalo, by the Rev. Louis H. Buisch. Mr. and Mrs. Provin will reside in East Smethport. Their many friends in this vicinity wish them a long life of happiness.

—Margaret, the two and one-half-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Spanogle, nearly had two of her fingers severed in a lawn mower on the lawn of Wm. Hafner last Friday. Her little sister was running the mower when the child fell in front of it. The machine could not be stopped quick enough to avoid slight injury although it was stopped just in time to prevent complete amputation.

—Some nights ago, near Allegany, an attempt was made to rob a trolley car, by two masked men. The men commanded the motorman to stop the car, instead he turned on all the power at his command, and car shot away out of the reach of the highwaymen. A shot was fired at the car and the bullet struck some iron work in the vestibule of the car and dropped at the motorman's feet. This outrage may be the work of amateurs living in the vicinity of Olean.

—Seventy-six seniors, seventy-six middlers and one hundred thirty-three juniors passed successfully the State Board examination held at the Clarion Normal June 14th and 15th. The following from McKean county are members of the graduating class: Mary Baxter, Port Allegany; Pansy Griffin, DeGolia; Ida Marks, Kasson; Maude Moore, Custer City; Jone Nelson, Wrights; Robert Richards, Kasson; Mabel Simonds, Marvindale; Ina Small, Kane; Ada Swanson, Kasson.

—The supervisors of every township in the State will shortly receive a notice from the state authorities to take a measure of every foot of public road in their districts. This will involve a measurement of almost 10,000 miles of road, and must be done to comply with the Jones bill to give townships a bonus on every dollar of cash work they collect. Under this act every township is put on a cash basis unless its people vote for a work tax. The Jones bill takes effect, as far as the cash distribution goes, on the first Monday of next March.

—A great many people from Smethport and vicinity were visitors in Olean last Friday on account of Barnum & Bailey's circus in that place. The circus trains were late in arriving and therefore no parade was given. There was a large crowd in that city to see the circus and at 2 o'clock, the usual time for the afternoon performance to begin, a large crowd had gathered on the grounds. The ticket office and the doors to the big tent did not open until about 3 o'clock and in the meantime the jam of human beings became awful. Men, women and children fainted in the crowd and for a time a panic was feared, but after the big tent was opened the jam slowly broke and peace prevailed. It is said that fully twenty people fainted in the crowd and a rumor was afloat that one child died, but that we understand, is untrue. The performances given were of the unusual high standard and the attendance was large.

—What turned out to be a very lucky runaway accident occurred on West Main steet late Saturday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo, Miss Simson, Miss Lyons, the Misses Mayo and Kenneth Mayo had just started for a drive to Frog Camp, when one of the reins became entangled in the checkrein turret. Kenneth jumped out on the tongue to loosen the rein and in so doing he frightened the team. The animals began to kick and started to run. Kenneth was thrown under the wheels and slightly bruised, but escaped serious injury. The horses ran across the back end of Masser's lawn and tried to pass between the barn and hen house but there was not room and the carriage stuck. One of the horses broke away and the other remained hitched to the wagon until help came. The people remaining in the carriage escaped injury. Later the party in company with Mrs. G. H. McCoy drove up to Frog Camp and stayed until Sunday evening.

Personal Mention.

James McConell of Olean was in town Tuesday.

Ed. Glavin came home from State College Saturday.

Mrs. Carrie Clark was in Buffalo on business a few days this week.

Carrie Wilkinson of Olean is visiting her numerous friends in this place.

Floyd Elder of Coleville attended the dance at the Lyceum Tuesday evening.

Miss Frances Steinhauer of Farmers Valley is the guest of friends in town this week.

Everal Chadwick, who has been a student at St. Bonaventure College at Allegany has returned to his home in this place.

Mrs. T. W. Camp and Mrs. Nettie Barbour were Bradford visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Alice P. Fuller of Holley, N. Y., is visiting her neice, Mrs. F. H. Freeman.

Mrs. E. V. Lewis of Rochester, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Margaret Knapp.

Miss Kathryn Morey left this morning for a visit with friends in Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. Lee Raymer and infant son of Olean are the guests of relatives in town this week.

Mrs. T. E. Evans and daughter, Bessie, of Custer City were visitors in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Kane has been the guest of friends in this place for the past few days.

Mrs. Kendell Tayler of Farmers Valley was a caller at this office while in town Tuesday.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford are the guests of relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hanley of Shinglehouse were visiting with friends in town this week.

Miss Mary Simpson of Turtle Point has been a guest at the home of E. R. Mayo and family.

Miss M. M. Hibbard of Mt. Jewett has been the guest of friends in this place for the past week.

Dr. W. P. Burdick of Kane was in town on Friday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Agnes MacQuiston.

Mrs. W. E. VanDyke and child of Pittsburgh is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred McCoy.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany passed Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

Miss Rena Allen of Port Allegany was in town Wednesday to attend the wedding of Miss Donna Lyman.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany was in town Friday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. MacQuiston.

Mrs. Clarence Choate, son, Homer, and Miss Alberta Choate were visiting relatives in Mt. Jewett Tuesday.

James Chisholm of Austin is in town this week making preparations for opening a clothes cleaning and repair shop.

Craig Rose, who was the guest of friends in town a few days, returned to his home in Binghamton on Saturday.

Felix Southwick left Saturday for Chautauqua where he expects to be employed for the remainder of the summer.

H. H. Redfield, S. F. Redfield, M. M. Gillette, W. L. Hammar and G. H. McCoy drove to Buffalo in the former's car yesterday.

Mrs. Helen B. Cady of Bradford spent the past week with Mrs. H. W. Roeder and family at Crystal Brook farm, Farmers Valley.

Mrs. F. M. Spanogle and children leave tomorrow for their home in North Girard, after a three-weeks' visit with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hartmayer who having been visiting relatives and friends in town returned to their home in Buffalo on Monday.

Charles Byron, Miss Byron, Miss Hilton and Miss Bauer of Bradford drove over in the former's car yesterday and took dinner at the Wright House.

Mrs. S. A. Powell of Ridgway and Mrs F. M. D. Watkins of St. Marys were the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright a few days last week.

On Wednesday Rev. W. A. Harris, William Colegrove, Howard Brownell, Paul Denning and Fred Milroy spent the day fishing on the Allegheny River near Portville, N. Y.

Mrs. John N. Apple, who recently underwent a surgical operation in Dr. Frederick's hospital, returned from Buffalo, with Mr. Apple on Monday of last week and is gaining strength rapidly.

Mesdames H. H. Redfield, S. F. Redfield, M. M. Gillette, O. J. Hamlin, W. L. Hammar, W. S. Palmer, J. W. Lee, W. E. VanDyke and Miss Ethel Gifford drove to Bradford in automobils yesterday.

The following young people of Port Allegany attended the band dance at the Lyceum Tuesday evening: Herbert Havens, Henry Hodson, Joe Royce and Misses Pearl Chisholm, Dora Clark, Jessie Snyder, Grace Connolly, Grayce Sheldon, Emma and Mabel Scott.

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dress lightly. The lightest, brightest, rightest shirts are

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...BUY...

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A RIVAL'S DOWNFALL

Out of Bitterness the Lovers Snatched Happiness.

By ESTHER AINSLEE.

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If Dalzell's store advertised a sale of silk dress goods in the Monday issue of the Rosemont Banner it was a certainty that the paper's Tuesday night number would contain an ad. from Thompson's store across the street telling of bargains in satins, with a side line of embroideries, at which Rosemont smiled appreciatively and reaped the benefit.

The town was proud of the proprietors of the two leading dry goods stores, for most of the young men left for the adjacent big city when it came time to make their way in the world, but Malcolm Dalzell and Lewis Thompson within a year of each other settled down to make a living in their home town.

Perhaps it were better to say Rosemont was proud of their enterprise, for Lewis Thompson was not the type to inspire affection in the hearts of his townsmen. A man cannot be blamed for lack of magnetism and an attractive nature, but nevertheless he suffers for it, and Thompson possessed besides these drawbacks a hot headed, quarrelsome disposition and a theory that every man had a right to look out for himself to the exclusion of any possible rights of others.

His aggressiveness made him enemies where Malcolm Dalzell won friends by his mere cheerfulness and diplomacy. But each flourished on his own side of the street.

Not only were they rivals in business, but from the days of carrying schoolbooks there had seemingly been but one girl in the world in the eyes of each—Milly Wainwright, with the waves of soft brown hair and eyes that matched, with the sweet voice and appealing little ways.

Shrewd people even said the reason both boys stayed in Rosemont was that each was afraid to leave the other a clear field with Milly, who had never shown any preference between the two.

Lewis Thompson was a different man with her. Her mere presence smoothed and softened the aggressive young business man, and she smiled incredulously when stories of his cold shrewdness and overreaching deals came to her ears.

Yet unknown to herself Malcolm Dalzell occupied a place in her life from which nothing could dislodge him. Milly was in the dolicious and dreamy state of indecision which a girl always prolongs unwittingly. Life was sweet to her and even the growing coldness of her younger brother, Dick, which was acting her father and mother, had not power to do more than depress her momentarily.

"It's only because Dick is young," she told her mother half indignantly. "He will see the mistake of his ways before he ever does anything really wrong. Why, Dick wouldn't be really bad. It's absurd!"

She was great chums with the handsome eighteen-year-old brother, and because she did have faith in him the boy turned to her always in his rare spells of repentance. At present he had gone to work in a bank in the next town, six miles distant.

The Rosemont Banner had two columns of description, speculation and denunciation when Thompson's store was robbed. Malefactors were rare in Rosemont, and the night watchman's work was perfunctory, but nevertheless Lewis Thompson discovered a back window pried open and nearly $200 worth of silks and laces missing.

Three weeks later he was reduced to explosive rage by the discovery that again his store had been entered. This time a hundred dollars' worth of goods vanished. In his wrath the owner of the store telephoned for a city detective and established a night patrol for the block. The city detective looked important, smoked good cigars of the leading citizens, who wanted to tell him their theories as to the robbery, had a very pleasant time and departed with dark hints as to future developments.

"At any rate," Lewis Thompson said vigorously, "with Maloney on hand as a watchman the thief won't get another chance!"

"It's hard luck, Lewis," sympathized Malcolm Dalzell with his business rival. Thompson regarded him coldly. Of late Milly had been in Dalzell's company more than he liked.

"Thanks," he said. "It's funny the thief doesn't attack your premises, Malcolm. I don't understand such factionism unless it's because he knows where the best goods are!" He smiled somewhat maliciously as he made the fling.

"Superiority has its drawbacks, then," Dalzell said quietly, holding his temper. He understood Thompson's grudge against him and could afford to be magnanimous, for he had begun to cherish a certainty that he had distanced Thompson with Milly. For her he would endure much.

Lewis Thompson did not relax his vigilance as the weeks went by. One Thursday night, as he made one of his personal trips of inspection, about 1 o'clock he started for his store on a run after finding the watchman, Maloney, knocked senseless at the corner. And he was rewarded. The revolver in his hand covered the dark form of the man standing at the rear window with the faint gleam of a dark lantern on the floor beside him.

Yet even Lewis Thompson was speechless when after his trembling fingers had turned on the rear light he saw the man before him was none other than Malcolm Dalzell, who stood white and quiet facing his captor.

"I—I can't comprehend," Thompson almost stammered, still covering the marauder with his revolver. "You—of all people!"

The man before him moistened his lips. "Lewis," he said at last, "will you believe me if I say, in spite of this, I'm not the robber—that it's just unfortunate circumstances that have brought this about? Will you?"

Lewis Thompson recovered his coolness, and he laughed shortly, sarcastically, glancing significantly at the dark lantern, the fallen jimmy, the goods piled at hand for removal.

"I don't see any one but you, Dalzell," he said curtly. "You've got to take your medicine. You can plead kleptomania, you know. Rising young business man, easy circumstances, no need to rob—why, of course, it's kleptomania!"

There was a little triumph edging into his laugh as what this meant to his rival dawned upon him. And it was likewise dawning upon his captive, who shut his jaw when the marshal, hastily summoned, almost refused to obey Thompson's command to take the prisoner to the jail.

"Go ahead, Smith," was all that Malcolm Dalzell would say, and he walked to the lockup with his head in the air.

The whole town shared the sensations of Smith the next morning, and the Rosemont Banner exhausted all its heavy black faced type that evening and paused only for absence of more space. It was paralyzing, horrifying, this downfall of a man like Malcolm Dalzell, one of those queer cropplings out of hidden tendencies that sometimes destroy the world's best.

The three days that intervened before his preliminary hearing drew lines in Dalzell's face and gave him a pallor that usually it takes age to bring. Yet he maintained those close shut lips and, further than stating he was not guilty, refused to talk.

When he faced his friends and neighbors at the preliminary hearing there was a trace of proud defiance in his glance that yet was strangely hurt, for on many faces he read a growing wavering in allegiance to him.

Much talk had been, suspicion, and every one knew of the long rivalry between the two men. What more natural than that Dalzell should attempt to harass, to ruin his opponent? So they waited for the sensational disclosures.

The sensation came. As usual with sensations, it was quite different from what was expected. The white faced girl, with eyes reddened by tears, who suddenly presented herself struck pity from the heart of the hardest. She spoke rapidly, breathlessly.

"Malcolm did not do it!" she protested, with tight clasped hands. "If he won't tell I will, now that I know the truth. It was Dick, my brother, and Malcolm, who also was watching, saw him and entered Thompson's store to save him, to get him away, to help him, and when Lewis Thompson came upon him—he, Malcolm, would not tell because—"

Milly Wainwright's voice died away, but the end of the sentence was furnished by Malcolm Dalzell's quick step to her side and hiding her tears on his shoulder. Both had made their sacrifice for each other and out of the bitterness had snatched happiness. And Rosemont, with the fickleness of the human race, said it served Lewis Thompson right and he should have had more common sense.

Steeplejack In Wrong.

Bob and Jim were Jacks of all trades and worked together. One summer's morning Bob came round to Jim's house at the early hour of 3 and managed to wake him.

"Now, then," he cried, "hurry up. There's a big factory chimney wants pulling down about a mile away from here, and I got the tip from the factory foreman that if we could knock twenty feet off it before the authorities were about it would save the factory the expenses of a scaffold and it would mean a five pound note apiece for you and me."

"What, ho!" cried Jim. "Let's go."

Their destination reached, they climbed to the top of the chimney, and soon masses of brickwork were falling to earth. A man who lived near was disturbed by the noise and started to make a fuss. "Here, Bob," cried Jim, "you climb down and quiet that fellow. Keep him talking while I finish this job up here." So Bob climbed down and engaged the indignant man in conversation.

Suddenly Jim heard Bob calling to him and, looking down, saw his friend gesticulating wildly and beckoning him to come down. So down Jim came. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Let's go home, Jim, t'wondering quick. We've been pulling down the wrong chimney."—London Answers.

Indignant.

D'Auber is a big, healthy, bearded man who looks as though he could lift half hundredweights in each hand as easily as he picks up his palette.

An elderly rustic, who had been standing watching him painting by the roadside, approached him.

"No offense, sir," he began, "but is there anything the matter w' yer?"

"No," answered D'Auber. "What makes you ask?"

"Yer hain't lame, are yer?"

"Lame! Good gracious, no!"

"Yer hain't 'ad a misfortune in any way—the clatter or lumbager—that's kind o' laid yer by?"

"No, I'm as well as I have always been."

The rustic drew himself up and gazed scornfully at the artist.

"An' yer call yerself a man an' can sit theer a-doin' o' that?" he said. "Well, I'm blest!"—Exchange.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

The Little Boy Was Thoroughly Posted on the Elevator.

"Little boy," exclaimed the portly lady, "you ought to be at school instead of trying to work a lift."

"I'm not trying to work it," was the answer. "I am working it, and if you wish to ride I shall be happy to accommodate you. So far as any obligation to be at school is concerned, allow me to remind you that this is a legal holiday, and I am exempt from attendance at an institution where I am pleased to say I am at the head of my class."

"You have no business trying to work that lift, anyhow."

"For what reason?"

"Because you are too young to know anything about it."

"Madam, allow me to reassure you. This lift is worked by hydraulic pressure, the principle relied on being that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this characteristic, water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves and a stable equilibrium being made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiae of this particular machine, which of course has its variations from other models," he added as she gasped in astonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate, but I wish to assure you that if, after what I have said, you think you know more about this lift than I do you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands."—Pearson's.

STOPPED THE NOISE.

A Chemist's Suggestion to a Maker of Prussian Blue.

The great German chemist, Liebig, related that when he was a young man a manufacturer of prussian blue who was showing him through the works drew his attention to the deafening noise made by certain communicating and mixing machines. These machines consisted of large iron mortars in which iron pestles were activated by machinery. The pestles pounded the materials to a fine condition and mixed them. On Liebig's suggesting that some means ought to be devised to prevent the terrible din made by the machines the manufacturer told him that it was a singular fact that the more noise the pestles made the better was the blue produced. It happens that in making prussian blue iron is a necessary constituent of the mixture, a fact that did not seem to be thoroughly appreciated by the manufacturer. He was therefore much surprised when Liebig told him that the iron which was necessary to produce the color was rubbed off his machinery, the most extravagant way to supply it. He understood for the first time, moreover, why it was that the greater the noise from the friction of the pestles in the mortars the better the blue produced. He thus learned in an expensive way that it was better manufacturing to put iron into the mixture than to grind it off high priced machinery.—Frederick J. Maywald in American Industries.

Complimentary.

Intending to visit a small village in Scotland, Archbishop Tait arranged to have his letters addressed to the local postoffice, which happened to be also the hamlet's general store. On the day of his arrival the prelate entered the shop and made inquiry if there was anything for the archbishop of Canterbury.

"Maybe you'll be that yersen yersel'?" the storekeeper suggested, without replying to the archbishop's question.

"Quite right," said Dr. Tait; "I am."

"Weel," added the tradesman, "I have a son in a shop in London, and he told me he aince gaed to St. Paul's cathedral to hear ye preach, and he was verra weel satisfied wi' ye."—London Home Journal.

An English View.

The stunt of New York has its origin, of course, in the climate. It is the climate that has produced the terrible doctrine and practice of "hustle," and for people living in a wild chaos of competition, always in a blinding hurry and in the midst of a deafening din, language has to be pitched up high to cope with the circumstances. There is no time to pause nor any place in which an ordinary quiet phrase would be able to reach your ear. Language to produce any effect at all must be as quick and as violent as all else. A phrase that has not the properties of dynamite goes unheeded.—Max Beerbohm in London Saturday Gazette.

A Diplomatist at Home.

"Mrs. Rawson has a dozen dresses handsomer than the only good one I've got," a young wife complained to her husband, who, a domestic diplomatist, merely remarked: "Of course. A homely woman like that needs plenty of rich gowns to draw attention from her face. Dress cannot heighten your charms, my dear!"—London Mail.

Helpful Child.

Caller—My, what a big girl you are getting to be! You'll soon be able to help your mother about the house, Ethel—Oh, I do that already. Whenever she says "For goodness' sake, get out of my way!" I do it.—Philadelphia Press.

A Deduction.

Maude—How old is Grace? May—At least twenty-five. Maude—How do you know? May—I heard her say that no girl ought to marry before she was twenty-six.—Cleveland Leader.

HER CONQUERING FAITH

It Overcame the Scheming of a Selfish Sister.

By ARABELLA NASMYTH.

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The indisputable fact which has so often sadly surprised people that two and two will not make five was staring the Anslem girls in the face.

It was a year after the death of their father, and many evasions and putting off of the fatal day had gone for naught. They were face to face with the knowledge that they could no longer afford to keep up the old family home and, moreover, must do something to add to their infinitesimal income.

"In some way," said Regina, looking up rather wearily from her pencil and paper, "in some way we've got to have money. We've got to go to work."

Regina was twenty-six, with rebellious dark hair and a firm chin which always amused people by the dimple they discovered in it. Regina was the one who always did things in the family. Nobody had ever taken time to call her a beauty, so she had never quite realized the fact that she came very close to being one and could devote her leisure to accomplish results.

Of course with Esther it was different. From the time her first fluff of golden hair had made itself manifest and her big blue eyes had first glanced appealingly at humanity it had been decided that Esther was a beauty, and the decision had clung to her through life, though at maturity it is doubtful if she would have been thought more than an ordinarily good looking fresh young girl had not those around her been so educated in the other view.

But as a beauty Esther had always been waited on and put forward, and often when time went on and girlish petulance and fickleness and caprice degenerated into pettishness and selfish inconsiderateness nobody ever expected Esther to do anything but exist.

And now she was thirty, for in spite of helldom the men who had wooed her seriously had been few and, with her aspirations, beneath her consideration. At her sister's dat Esther drew her brows together fretfully.

"Work!" she said. "You are ridiculous! It's all very well for you to talk, but how could I work? What could I do? Regina"—

She hesitated a little, for there was something in the straight browed face meditatively surveying her as though she were seen for the first time that had her pause. "Regina—if you would—it would be very easy for you to place both of us beyond all money cares forever. I'm sure"—

The voice died away before the sparkle of tears in the dark face across the table. Regina bit her lip before she spoke in a repressed voice. "I won't pretend to misunderstand you," she said. "It's like you to propose offering something else than yourself! Understand once for all that I'll never marry Dr. Brightright! He is selfish, he has a cruel and vindictive nature with all his surface and polish, and he is sixty years old."

"Also he owns the most magnificent country place in the state and is a millionaire," breathed Esther as her sister stopped. "Really, Regina, for a grown up person you are distressingly silly! I'm sure Dr. Brightright is no worse than lots of men, and think what you'd have!"

"Which you, of course, would share," said Regina coldly. Her face took on an immobile expression as she looked down at her sister. "Understand, I'll never marry him. I'll find work to do."

"It's Neal Maxwell!" the older girl flushed angrily. "You'd be glad of the chance if you weren't eating your heart out for a man who threw you over and never cared anything for you! You"—

But Regina had swept from the room, her head in the air, her hands clutching mechanically the papers covered with their rows of discouraging figures.

She was hurt as only a proud person can be hurt, and the sure knowledge deep in her heart that Neal Maxwell had indeed, beyond all doubt, cared for her, in spite of the opinion voiced by her sister and shared, as Regina knew, by nearly all her acquaintances in the town, did not help much in bearing the taunt.

It was a year since Neal had gone abroad as foreign representative for his firm and eleven months since his letters had stopped abruptly, without warning. Her two letters of inquiry bringing no response, pride had stepped in and she had made no further effort to hear from him beyond learning from his firm he was alive and well.

And when he left they had been engaged. She could hardly remember when she and Neal had not intended to marry one another, so many had been the years of their more than friendship. In spite of her indignation and her secret grief, in spite of his mysterious neglect, Regina still clung to the feeling that, wherever he was, whatever had happened, Neal still must care for her just as day must follow night.

And she was of too strong a nature to seek to cover her jilting by accepting the man who had haunted her footsteps for the past year, Dr. Brightright, whom she instinctively disliked and steadily shunned, to the furious exasperation of Esther. This had not been the first difference they had had upon the subject.

This night she was tired, very tired, and discouraged. Sympathy, understanding or help from Esther she felt she never could expect. The weak vanity, the shallowness, that were in sister's were forcing themselves on her recognition against her will.

If only Esther had been of a different mold their situation would even now be vastly improved. Encouragement and energy at her elbow would have given Regina the strength of ten. Instead there were bitterness, complaint and reproach weighing her down, and beneath it all the old longing for Neal, the hurt wonder that he could have failed her.

Sunk in her thoughts, absentmindedly making preparation for the night Regina stood for several minutes staring at what she had uncovered at the bottom of the long utility box on her dresser without a complete realization of what the discovery meant.

First it dawned on her bewildered mind that the box was blue instead of pink, as it should have been. Then if it were blue it belonged in the next room on Esther's dresser. The woman who had swept and cleaned for them that day had probably mixed them. And at the bottom of the blue box, under all the handkerchiefs and ribbons which Regina had mechanically disarranged in her search for a particular ribbon, lay, with a rubber band binding them, the last two letters she had written to Neal Maxwell inquiring as to his silence and which he had, of course, never answered.

Regina leaned against the dresser breathing heavily, clutching the letters, trying to think. The face that looked out at her from the mirror was white with excitement. Some one had kept her letters from reaching Neal—some one—

In the doorway stood Esther, still petulant from the scene downstairs. As she walked toward her sister Regina turned and faced her silently, the letters in her outstretched palm.

With a little gasp Esther saw, crumpled into a chair and began to cry in a frightened way.

"I did it for your own good," Esther wailed. "Neal never will be rich, and we want—we need—so much! I thought—I thought you'd see how much better a position Dr. Brightright could give you—I thought you'd forget—I wrote Neal you were going to marry the doctor and hadn't courage to tell him yourself, and that you did not want to hear from him again. I—I got your letters both times by talking them to slip into the drop while I asked you to get stamps or cards at the window—do you remember? I—I did it because I thought you would be happier, Regina!"

The tall, stern girl, standing like an avenging goddess, looking down on the hysterical, weak woman huddled in the chair, did not speak for some minutes.

"Why didn't you destroy them when you got them?" she asked abruptly.

"I didn't dare," wept Esther. "I was afraid it was criminal or something."

The faint flicker of humor which swept Regina's face even in her moment of righteous wrath spread to her generous heart.

"We won't talk about it again, Esther," she said quietly. "You'd better go to bed. And now—now I'm going to write to Neal."

Called His Bluff.

A young woman of smart wit and striking beauty presided at one of the stalls at a Paris charity bazaar. Among the small crowd which pressed round the fair vender was a young man of much assurance, who gazed upon the girl with freedom and affected to admire the various fancy articles exposed for sale, but bought nothing.

"What will you please to buy?" asked mademoiselle, with an exquisite smile.

"Oh," replied the young dandy, with a languishing look, "what I most wish to buy is unhappily not for sale."

"Tell me what you wish?" she responded.

"Oh, no; I dare not declare my wishes."

"Nevertheless let me know what you wish to buy," persisted the fair saleswoman.

"Well, then, since you demand it, I should like a ringlet of your glossy black hair."

She manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors immediately clipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the astonished youth, remarking that the price was only 500 francs.

Her audacious admirer was thunderstruck with the demand, but dared not demur, as by this time a group had collected and were listening to the conversation. So he took the hair, paid over the money and left the hall.

The Man In the Rain.

"Men," said a fashionable tailor, "are much more particular about their clothes than women, though few people realize this fact. Take a man in a light gray suit caught in a shower. Does he go blithely on, heedless of the elements? No. He seeks the nearest shelter and remains there till the downpour has stopped absolutely. But it is his straw hat that a man takes most care to preserve. I have seen men in pouring torrents hurrying along bareheaded, their straw hats carefully concealed beneath their coats. Did you ever see a woman go to those lengths? Often a man caught in a shower carries his hat sort of casually at arm's length at his side, as if he was doing it unconsciously, don't you know. And how often do we see them holding newspapers over their hats. Ever see a woman do that? No. Somehow women seem to be able to go through a shower without losing conspicuous figures of themselves. They are always serene, never troubled, and they never seem to get as wet as men do."—London Answers.

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
CORA ABBEY, Com.
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W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
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Phoenix Chapter, No. 256, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

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The Wooing of Sir Goliath

By CURRAN RICHARD GREENLEY

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"A great lord of the court, and he is coming to woo little me, so sayeth my lady mother. What think you of my fortune, Sir Henry Bellairs?"

Mistress Lillas Halliday swept her silken skirts in a mocking courtesy, her eyes aslant under demure lashes at the tall youth who stood just within the great door of Heathlands, and who, for all his six feet of comeliness; well set out from the crown of Saxon fairness to the russet boots of his hunting garb, writhed helplessly under her badinage, his tongue refusing the light answer that alone could save him.

It boded him little that he had the squire's consent to woo Lillas. That had been his since the "Witch of Heathlands" was a slim lass of 12 years, and the two fathers, over their wine, solemnly contracted the boy and girl. And he had wooed, but the wooing was another matter. Now, came a thunderbolt out of the blue of this lover's sky. In the guise of Dame Margaret's kinsman, the London gallant, already upon his way, posting down from London to visit his aunt, Dame Margaret Halliday.

Harry Bellairs had small room to doubt the fact that his stock had gone down hopelessly in the scales for since the dame had set her heart upon this marriage that would bring to Lillas the delights of the court, the triumphs, that had filled her own dreams as a maid, she was scarce civil to him; and Lillas—the girl, too, drank in the music of court scenes in long draughts from the fountain of her mother's gossip, and she, too, turned with the wind, and would have none of him.

The squire knew naught of the web that his women were weaving. He held the day not far distant, when Heathlands and Bellairs hall should be joined in one fair property to stretch from hill and rolling down to seaward for broad English miles. He had scant grace for my Lord Wycherly, hinting darkly to Bellairs of certain stories that had leaked down from London, though to Dame Margaret he said never a word.

Lillas pressed herself before the long mirror, nodding the dainty head over the rim of her full, pouting lips in saucy speeches; then critically examining each small finger, as she swept her flowered gown across the polished floor of the dark old hall, thoroughly conscious of the love-lorn flaunt in the doorway—"Dost think he will deem me a mere milk-maid—he who is in daily converse with the duchess and the ladies of her train? These cheeks of mine! They will run red, when I would have them delicately fair; and—that freckle! It is on my nose, just here! You have marked it, Harry, and you are no court gallant. Wycherly! My lady of Wycherly! 'Tis a sweet name. Methinks a title would well become me! What think you of this courtesy? I've practiced me, night and day, and—"

"Lillas!" Bellairs sprang toward her, but with a little laugh she was gone, peering at him from over the balusters. "Stay where you are, Sir Goliath of Gath! La! What a twitter you have put me in!" and she made as if to hide her face, but the look within his eyes sobered the mischief in hers.

"Lillas!" Bellairs came a little closer. She had never heard that tone from her old playmate—"It is useless for you to play at the game with me. I am but a plain man, knowing not court ways. If the mere name of this lordling has set you off to flout me; if you care not how deep you trail my heart in the dust on the mere word of his coming; I can scarce hope for grace in his presence. Dame Margaret has set her face against all that comes from Bellairs hall; even to the sending back of the falcon that I tamed for you, by the lad that brought it. Lillas, I know not woman ways, my mother died too soon; but I know that when the east wind blows upon the heath, it is death to all things warm and lovely. Take back the troth you have already broken in spirit!" he came a step nearer, and this time she did not shrink from him, only hung her head. "You are free to wed my lord of Wycherly!"

"Quarreling again? You saucy baggage! Pray Harry will show the selfsame patience when you keep the hearth of Bellairs hall; else there'll be such a taming of my pretty shrew, passing Will Shakespeare's limning! I'll—"

Something in the two faces brought the squire to a sudden pause. "What's this? Speak out, boy! This be some petticoat politics beyond the fathoming of honest men, such as we be, but—"

Bellairs stepped before Lillas. "There is little to say, it seems, but that Lillas is minded to have none of me; therefore I have given her back her troth, rather than be flouted before this gamester of St. James. Your hand, squire! 'Tis time Bellairs said farewell to Heathlands!"

"You young jackanapes. I'll—" the squire sputtered and choked. Before speech came, Bellairs was gone, and Lillas crouched, a forlorn heap of gay silks against the dark wood of the stair.

The squire opened his mouth—and shut it again, as a sob smote upon his ear, and the look that he cast upon that down-bent head was one of mingled wrath and adoration—"Jade's work. And 'tis a good lad, worth a hundred fops of Beau Wycherly's kidney! And the property! Oh, Lord! What will they be at next? I'll to my dame!"

As the heavy footsteps died away, Mistress Lillas lifted her head. "And that's over. Flung my troth in my face! Jilted me like a barmaid! The moon calf, glooming and glowering! A pretty lover for a gentlewoman!" but for all of her high-flung head, and the gay little tune that she sung; there was sore feeling that would not down, all the unhappy day; for the look in the blue eyes as they dwelt in hers, haunted her persistently.

The squire stormed his way into the still room, where his lady was dispensing her store of sweet herbs for the suvoring of my lord of Wycherly's bedchamber. "Clear out, the pack of you!" he thundered, and the maids fled. What happened in that short session is an old story to those who read as they run. The squire grew aweary of battling with cobwebs, and raged helplessly into his den, where he kept silent counsel with himself, over his Brown George. Dame Margaret went serenely about her housewife cares, making ready for her guest. She felt grateful to Harry Bellairs, who had cleared the decks for action, albeit the tempest was a fierce one.

Mistress Lillas came down the stair, hesitating a little, for below, Lord Wycherly sat in converse with her mother, and at sight of him through the open door shyness overcame her usual sauciness. Witch Lillas, demure as a nun, and most daintily fair; the blue satin of her gown looped back from the flowered petticoat, the dark curls piled high, gold-powdered. From the heels of her little blue shoes, to the topmost curl, she was fashioned complete from London town, and the consciousness of those hands strengthened her wonderfully in that first long courtesy, until eye raised her eyes as the mincing knee heralded the kiss upon her hand—a little snuff-colored man, ghastly in his plumage of silver and crimson. So dark the swarthy cheek, so glazed the lack-luster eyes that cloaked over her fairness. The bravery of lace and satins about the shrunken form dazzled Dame Margaret, who basked in the flow of lordly compliment, bubbling mechanically from the wreck at her side. Lillas grew chill with a nameless sense of danger as she watched her mother's face. And in obedience to her frown, was forced to laugh and chatter while that wave of repulsion came and went. When Wycherly's glance clung to her unabashed, throat and shoulders, there was nameless torture in that gaze—and yet, against her will, she listened eagerly as the mantle unfolded, and the glamor of the wickedest court the world has known was brought to Heathlands.

The squire glowered darkly and, despite Dame Margaret's frowns, he gave scant courtesy to Wycherly, deepening to absolute displeasure when, at dinner, Wycherly was installed in the place that belonged, of right, to Bellairs. If Wycherly noted aught amiss with his host, nicely tact enabled him to disguise the knowledge. He held the thread of talk, deftly piecing it with well-turned jest and doubtful story as it zig-zagged along the midway course of the dinner hour.

The morrow brought no change in the squire's mood, save that he left the field to the foe, faring forth to find Bellairs—to have it out with him, he told Dame Margaret. Lillas watched him, half divining his errand. The girl was utterly at a loss. She did not know just what she wanted, being in that way little different from all of her kind. The glamor was strong. She saw much with Dame Margaret's eyes, forgetting Wycherly in the picture he set before her; until would come the remembrance of that fiery gaze and the kiss upon her hand, that yet burned as itching poison, and a sick sense of shame dyed her face with the prescience of what lay within that glance.

My Lord of Wycherly had come to sue, to woo, if the sight pleased, and he was not long in the making of his mind. He wanted a wife, and, more than all, he wanted an heir, lawfully begotten. This he had foreshadowed in his letter to Dame Margaret. Lillas had proved more to his liking than he had dared to hope. She would do him credit, this country beauty. There were reasons why my Lord of Wycherly might not sue for a lady of the court, therefore the matter was not long delayed. Dame Margaret felt no doubt of her ability to manage the squire, and before the sun had reached the noon it was as good as settled; when Lillas rebelled.

Dame Margaret heard her out, then fell to rating her soundly, and laid her commands upon her, deaf to sobs and beseeching lips; and the habit of long obedience prevailed, holding the girl silent at last. After the door closed upon her mother she stood, twisting her ribbons, her eyes dwelling far over the downs, where the gray turrets of Bellairs hall broke the horizon line. A slow flush went up the warm pallor of her cheek, as she remembered the touch of boyish lips upon her mouth, and her thought went back to the day when it all began. They had started, both of them, half afraid of this new thing that had come to them; then, the sudden light in the deeps of sea-blue eyes came to her with the keenness of old pain. So many little things came back to her. They had quarreled, child fashion, but peace had been made, and then, in the green gloom of the arches, he kissed her, and, somehow, that took that come into his eyes with the touching of the lips had never wholly left them. And now—she had driven him away and—" She did not want to think. Below, the jeweled courtier awaited her, and a sudden truth came like a blow, sending the hot blood leaping along its ways; he, too, would claim her lips. With a low cry she sank to her knees, hiding her shamed face from the girl in the mirror, covering those wanton lips with a low moan of pain.

"Lillas!" Her mother's voice held a note that she dared not disobey, and with a little sobbing underbreath, a half-uttered prayer for a miracle to happen, the saucy witch of Heathlands no longer, but a timid, frightened girl, went slowly down the stair, trailing the white robes step by step, and wishing that those same steps would take her down, down, and out of sight, she came.

My Lord of Wycherly noted the little shudder that went through the girl as she yielded her hand to his—and laid it to future accounting. His eyes gloated over the whiteness of throat and shoulders as he bent above her. Lillas followed her mother's retreating form, with agony in the glance. It had come, and no miracle was at hand.

"Madam Margaret has told me that I may hope—" he was beginning, when the rattle of hoofbeats up the avenue sent the red blood rushing to her finger-tips. There was a faint murmur of voices, and Lillas drew away hurriedly as the squire, followed by Bellairs, paused in the doorway.

"Margaret!" roared the squire, with never a word to my lord. "What mean you, dame, to leave the lass alone? 'Fis time I came!" And he strode to the girl's side and drew her head against his shoulder.

Dame Margaret's eyes went from Bellairs in the doorway to the squire, holding Lillas away from Wycherly. A fleeting instant of eye to eye; then: "You mistake. I left they not alone, but with her betrothed husband, Lord Wycherly has honored our child with his proposals and I—"

"Blood of Mary, madam! And you have dared to set my word at naught! Harry!" The squire, speechless, purple with wrath, pointed to Wycherly. Bellairs cleared the space at a bound, slashing his glove across the sallow face that blenched, never so little. "And you carry a sword, Sir Corydon?" To which Bellairs replied: "When and where you will, so it be soon. Dame Margaret's kinsman will not for you, I doubt not."

"Hush!" Dame Margaret's slow glance went from one to another, and the quiet accent of it abashed them. "What unseemly brawl have you brought to our midst, Harry Bellairs?"

The dame's tone was warranted to damn the bravest, but the squire's fighting blood was up.

"Silence!" he thundered. "Woman, or you will have to deal with me! The poltroon gallant that comes a-prating love to perfect bonds! Have thanks not enough of the lass he fain would woo, but he must bring his cajolery drab a-trailing at heel. This night we found her, Harry and I, down at the inn, clamoring for this great lord. Moreover, 'tis a wife she claims to be—no thanks to him, who lured his hounds to strangle her when he had done with her. 'Tis a rare tale, if it be true!"

"A lie! A most damned lie!" Roused at last from his lair, Wycherly made one step toward Dame Margaret, but he stood as a stranger in the hall arrested him; then the curtains parted and the woman, breaking from the hold of the servants, dung herself at the dame's feet, holding up her scrip of parchment.

Dame Margaret shrank back from the heap of rags and tatters. With an effort she took the parchment and there was silence between them as she read it through, while the woman, crouching, moved not nor spoke.

"My Lord of Wycherly, it were best to remove your lady from this house, whose roof you have betrayed!"

Wycherly stirred, the mark of the blow lost in the deeper red of his dark face, as that cold voice seared its meaning barring all doubt. She had read and judged. With a derisive laugh he stirred the crouching figure with his boot. "Arise, my Lady of Wycherly! Since you have traveled far, and are somewhat stained thereby, and the hour grows late, it were well to seek the inn." The squire stood aside with averted face as the two passed out.

Lillas heard her father's heavy tread die away beside Dame Margaret's lighter footsteps. She was left with Bellairs. What would she see in his eyes? Everything was against her. Nothing could make it right, nothing; and yet, she had not intended it. If only one little moment could have been hers in which to utter her detestation of Wycherly. She raised her head. Slowly, slowly her eyes sought his. He was very near to her. She could hear the quick come and go of his breathing, and still he made no sign, uttered no word.

The curved mouth grew piteous as she realized that he was waiting, that the pleading must come from her, who was so unused to pleading; and the witch grew strangely timid. Her hand fluttered toward his, the merest shadow of a motion. "Harry!" It was scarcely a whisper; but the old light blazed into sudden radiance; then Witch Lillas triumphed, burying her face against the broad shoulder, her stubborn lips still refusing the plea for pardon.

No word, but he held her close, or she must have fallen for very shame. Her arms stole up about his neck and the red mouth lay temptingly close. A long pause, then Witch Lillas laid down her arms with the honors of war. "I want you. I want my troth back, an it please you, Sir Goliath of Gath!"

The Adventures of the Bronze Mahadeva

By MILES J. BREUER

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If we had seen the burglar, our first feeling would perhaps have been one of astonished admiration at his skill. By some art, he kept himself almost invisible in the big dark store, and so noiselessly did he move that it seemed as if some dim shadow was gliding around among the rows of tables. Only the little spot of light from the dark-lantern darted around over the bric-a-brac, resting for an instant here and there; and occasionally a dark hand reached swiftly out, and then it was that another silver ink-stand or napkin ring, or gold-mounted cigar-case found its way into the bulging black bag. He did not tamper with the huge safe; perhaps he was not out for a heavy night's work, but merely some light recreation.

Finally he reached the back of the store where there were various large objects, a jardiniere stand, a tall stair lamp, a big elaborate umbrella-stand, and statuettes, and figures of plaster, bronze and marble of various sizes. Therefore he soon came across the bronze Mahadeva. He could not have helped noticing it, for its two diamond eyes reflected in brilliant gleams the least bit of light, and the row of splendid colored gems around its neck twinkled and coruscated, and shone in perfect splendor in the rays of the lantern. It was about a third natural size, but it sat squat-legged on a queerly carved and fretted pillar-like pedestal, so that the top of its conical hat was about six and a half feet from the floor. All over it was that lacy frosting and trifling characteristic of Hindoo work; and it was hideously ugly.

Its jewels must have fascinated the burglar, for he stood in front of it awhile, regarding it. Then, it is hard to say what happened. At least he moved up to it. Then something shot out from somewhere with exceeding swiftness; and there followed slowly a heavy muffled thump. There was a slight clink as the black bag hit the floor, some more queer noises, and then all was still in the shop. All the rest of the night, the dark-lantern, which was tipped over on its back, shone up at the ceiling, and a dark huddled mass lay very still on the floor among the statues.

Miss Worth walked briskly up the street; she surveyed the world cheerfully through the crisp, early-morning air. Opening Knotter and Dahn's big front door with her key, she hurried to the back of the store, where the desk stood in a railed in space. Miss Worth had come a little early, for there were a few extra notes to be transcribed before the work on the day's regular correspondence began. Reaching the rear of the space in which the tables stood, she saw the huddled mass on the floor among the statues. By it were some dark splotches, and the black bag with a silver initial. Ivory paperweight rolled out of the mouth of it. She stopped suddenly, checked a scream, and ran swiftly, and very frightened, to the front of the store, where she stood, her heart beating swiftly, listening intently and peering back into the store. Hearing and seeing nothing, she tried to muster up courage to go back and look again, but finally determined to wait until somebody came.

This "somebody" happened to be Mr. Frederick Holt. He was the young man whose duty it was to arrange the goods on the tables so that they might be most tempting to customers when they came. He wondered a little to see Miss Worth standing out in front of the store with a frightened expression on her face. And he had to acknowledge to himself, incidentally, that she looked rather charming in her distress. Miss Worth was undeniably pretty; being a stenographer had not as yet left its stamp on her, as it does on too many young ladies who meddle with it. Mr. Holt listened to her story; then he went to the back of the store and turned over the huddled thing, so that the white face still showing an eager, crafty expression, looked up at him. He shuddered, and not knowing just what to do, decided to wait till the "boss" came.

Mr. Dahn, the junior partner, came along duly, rubbing his hands and beaming in pleasant anticipation of the visit of a certain big customer. He started somewhat as he saw the expressions on the faces of his clerk and stenographer. He also looked at the body, and with admirable presence of mind telephoned for a detective.

The detective, had he been a Sherlock Holmes, would have been able to ask for his fee immediately, and explain the details fully to Mr. Dahn; but as it was, he could only identify the burglar as a well-known expert and dangerous cracksman, the news of whose death would be exceedingly welcome to the police, and then think hard in his perplexity as he looked closely all over the store. He could not think of a motive, as it is wont to be technically called; much less could he account for the fact that nothing was missing, even the burglar's bag of plunder lay as it had fallen.

That was the first adventure of the bronze Mahadeva. Then came Mr Dahn's rich customer and bought it and carried it off. The Rt. Hon. Josiah Bundy was as rich as Croesus, and had as little taste as a Fiji Islander; he was now furnishing up a big country place most gorgeously and elaborately. And among the great load of things that left Knotter and Dahn's big store for the country place of Mr. Bundy, was the bejeweled Mahadeva. It was to stand in the front hall, where all visitors were to be blinded by its magnificence.

It sat there, glaring in its ugliness, for two or three weeks, and in the meanwhile, Mr. Bundy's household got swiftly into running order. The second seemed—to the outside world at least, for the Mahadeva kept its ugly frown and said nothing—more terrible yet. A great festival was in preparation at the Bundy place, and the world was being turned upside down. It seemed, to secure for the Bundy mansion all possible stunning and stupefying glitter and splendor. On the third morning before this stupendous occasion, the parlor-maid descended the steps into the front hall. She had almost reached their foot, when she suddenly stopped, turned pale, and clutched the banister. She looked down at the floor only once, and ran back upstairs. She came back with the butler and the janitor's assistant.

They found that it was the footman and the side of his head was smashed in. Beside him lay a half made-up bundle of the Bundy plate and jewels; a most wonderful haul. It would have been. His horse was tied to the front curb.

"Hm!" said Mr. Bundy. But Mr. Bundy hated to worry, so he hired a detective to worry for him.

Mrs. Bundy was a nervous soul. The ugliness of the bronze Mahadeva made her shudder worse and worse every time she beheld it. The affair of the footman upset her worse than ever. Mrs. Bundy refused to let the idol, as she called it, stay in the house another day. So Mr. Bundy made suitable arrangements with Knotter & Dahn, and it was returned to the store.

Mr. Holt was naturally painstaking in things, but even had it not been his nature, he would have been painstaking in telling Miss Worth things. So when Miss Worth wanted to know about Mahadeva, and felt inclined to talk about the Bundy tragedies, he felt thrilled beyond measure.

"Do you think it is a real idol?" asked Miss Worth.

"It looks like one," said Mr. Holt; "I've read the strangest stories about those things—the wonderfully costly idols in the temples of India where they are regarded with superstition and reverence, and all sorts of wild, mystic things are told about them, supernatural powers and doings attributed to them."

"And isn't it a strange coincidence that Mahadeva should be the Hindoo god of destruction?" interrupted Miss Worth. "Do you think it really came from India?"

"Good Heat!" said Mr. Holt. "We must find out where it came from."

Mr. Dahn could tell nothing about it. Perhaps its coming to the store antedated his connection with the firm; at least it had been there several years, and he knew nothing about it save its value. Mr. Holt, determined to see Mr. Knotter. The senior partner seldom came to the store; he was old, and somewhat of an invalid and spent a good deal of his time in an easy chair on his shady veranda. Here he received Mr. Holt, and gladly told him what he knew about the Hindoo image.

"I bought it in with a lot of other Hindoo things," he said, "mostly jewels. The rest of them are all gone now. The rascal that had them wanted a ridiculous amount for the things, and I never would have bought it, but he would not sell the rest of the things without it, and I saw a good profit in them. He was a small, dark fellow, a Hindoo, I'm sure, and wicked-looking enough. He came in on a merchantman and brought his stuff in a teak chest. I remember distinctly that I wondered whether his queer manner was due to an effort to conceal his eagerness to dispose of his goods, or to his embarrassment with the English language. Save, perhaps a wild look in his eyes, I did not notice anything queer about him at first, when he came in in a sailor's costume, with some other rags showing beneath it around his neck, and a big turban around his head. But when he came in a second time with a derby hat on, I had to shudder at the appearance of the top of his head, as he removed his hat. It actually seemed as if a piece of it had been knocked off, or flattened in; all scarred up and knocked out of shape. It was nearly sickening. Then I noticed that his actions seemed inconsistent, even furtive at times. I wondered if the senses had been frightened or knocked out of his head. The sailor from the Indian merchantman told me about that later.

"Seeing no reason to the contrary, I struck a bargain with him, and a good one it was—all sorts of rare Hindoo curios that sold well. I never expected to see him again, but two weeks later I was called to an insane asylum, and there he was, a raving maniac, yelling in Hindoo. He seemed to have been driven wild with terror, for it showed all over him. My check had been found on him, and they had called me to give what information I could. There was also an English sailor there from his ship, and I heard his story; or how the Hindoo had sneaked aboard with his chest the night before they sailed, and cowered in the forecastle and behind the bulwarks till they were out of the harbor. When I told them of the goods he had sold me, the sailor swore that the fellow belonged to the breed of temple robbers, and had come to grief at it. He, wasn't superstitious, he said, but he had seen things done in the Hindoo temples that passed the comprehension of a western mind. Just before he left Calcutta there was a great furore about the temple thieves, who wrought great losses in the temples; and then the priests got their magic to working. Then the things that happened to the thieves were most awful—and the stories that got abroad about them were worse yet, I suppose. Paralyzed, blasted, driven insane, mutilated, killed on the spot—and when the night was dead and silent and lonely among the terrors of the shrines. Fearful things were wrought by the magic of the Hindoo priests, and temple robbing grew less lucrative. But this Hindoo, said the sailor, with the scarred head and eyes of a madman, and the bronze Mahadeva, must have been a temple robber, and he had most surely carried away a memory of it."

The bronze Mahadeva resumed its place in the back of Knotter & Dahn's store; and what is more, it bid fair to keep the place a long time to come. Many a customer would come, and look with favorable eyes upon its jewels, perhaps even ask its price. But as soon as they noticed its ugly, menacing look, the snarl of the lips drawn back from the teeth, that made one shudder, or perchance it once heard anything of its story, they looked at it once more, and decided they would rather not take it. Over and over again it happened thus, and it seemed that this one of Knotter & Dahn's investments was to be but idle capital.

But Mr. Holt had the interests of the firm at heart. He finally got an idea (or perhaps he and Miss Worth got it somehow between them, for they were forever talking about the statue together.) This was nothing less than to take the valuable jewels out of their settings in the idol, prepare them for sale with a view to better profit, which latter would perhaps be thus greater than otherwise, and take the statue itself for old brass. It was an excellent way out of the difficulty, and needed only Mr. Dahn's consent; which, after considerable meditation and pacing of the floor, was finally given.

Mr. Holt prepared to get to work at once. As was once remarked, Mr. Holt was pretty good at such things. He got his tools, and a little plush-lined box to put the stones in; Miss Worth and Mr Dahn followed him to the back of the store, standing back to watch him, for the jewels were fascinating. Mr. Holt surveyed the figure for a moment, and finally fixed upon the brilliant diamonds which were set in the pupils of its eyes, as the best thing to turn his attention to. He stood on his toes, and had lifted his arm and almost touched the diamond, when a loud scream broke upon the air. Mr. Holt dropped his tools, turned pale, and looked around.

The scream had come from Miss Worth, who stood pale and trembling, leaning on a table. In reply to the anxious questions of the men, she could at first answer nothing, only that there must be some awful danger, and implored Mr. Holt not to touch the figure. Then she explained that the idea had come to her, just as Mr. Holt was about to touch the diamond eyes, and had in its suddenness frightened her.

Mr. Holt was somewhat puzzled. He was either inclined to laugh at the matter, and try it again, but Mr. Dahn held him back.

"There may be something in it," he said.

Then Mr Dahn fairly outdid himself. His ingenuity surpassed anything in his previous history.

"Suppose it is—" He turned around, caught up the gas lighter, but put it down, and fetched the long window pole used for the rear windows. Mr. Holt standing back all the while somewhat dazed. Mr. Dahn jabbed the Mahadeva in the eye with the window pole, standing back as far as he could, and wondering at his own bravery. But nothing happened. He jabbed it vigorously in several other places. Still no extraordinary phenomena took place. He was perplexed. But Mr. Holt's face lighted up as he caught the idea. He seized the pole, and with the sharp point of it, standing away the length of the pole, began to gouge out the diamond eye of the figure.

The result was astonishing. The bronze arms of the figure were stretched forward, somewhat below the level of the shoulders. One of them suddenly jerked inward, swinging from the shoulder, and hit the window pole a terrific blow that broke the hickory stick in two pieces and sent them flying and whirling across the store. At the same time there was a muffled grinding and scraping, as of some works inside the bronze figure, and then a long noise, like the winding up of a clock chain. Mr. Holt stood there rubbing his hands, which were numbed from the blow on the other end of the pole so that he could barely move them. And all of them stood motionless, gasping, too dumbfounded to speak, until Mr. Holt turned his pale face to the other two, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Such a diabolical engine—"

"And that was just where your head would have been," said Mr. Dahn, his slow comprehension just having caught this significant fact.

Miss Worth caught her breath. Mr. Holt held out his hand to her.

"You don't know what I owe you," he said.

Good Maxim.

Never talk of your designs until they have been accomplished, and even then the less said the better.

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DR. MEREDITH'S UNFINISHED BOOK.

A Love Story With a Lesson on the Value of Hygienic Living.

By LOUISE J. STARKWEATHER.

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It was early morning in northern Maine, and the big porch of the summer hotel was dotted here and there with groups of people who were planning for the day's pleasure. The air was almost crisp in its freshness, and the tall man in clerical garb who was walking slowly down the length of the porch shuddered a little in the chilly atmosphere.

As he approached a particularly jolly party one of the women started toward him and said eagerly:

"Well, what have you decided, Dr Meredith?"

"That you will have a beautiful day for your picnic," he replied, smiling a little and glancing toward the lake and the mountains about which the mists still lingered.

"Then it is not to be our picnic?" There was an answering smile upon her lips, but her eyes looked troubled. "I thought perhaps you would go, after all. You know you half promised."

"I am very sorry, Miss Curtis, but I have some work which I must do today."

"But, Dr. Meredith," Miss Curtis answered jestingly, though there was an undercurrent of earnestness in her voice, "I'm afraid you have forgotten about that boy Jack who was always at work."

"But I'm no longer a boy, and only my most intimate friends call me Jack," he retorted with a twinkle in his eye. Then he added seriously: "There is another proverb, my dear Miss Curtis, that I have taken for my life motto. In accordance with its precept I have determined not to rust out like—well—like most of the people up here." The last words were spoken with some embarrassment, but Miss Curtis replied with a frank smile:

"I'm going to take it for granted that you except present company. But about your determination to wear out rather than to rust out—why this alternative? You surely would not use a delicate piece of porcelain in such a way that it must break."

"Of course not. But I do not consider the figure you are using a good one."

"And I consider it just as good as your old rusty one," was the merry rejoinder.

As she finished speaking Miss Curtis looked at Dr. Meredith with a glance so free from coquetry that he realized at once how different she was from the woman who ordinarily invites an

MUST HE STAND ASIDE?

unmarried clergyman to a picnic. So with the perversity of his sex he found himself gazing at her with an especial interest. She was certainly very attractive. Her thick brown hair lay softly about a face whose warm color and animated expression told of a vitality that breathed from every part of her strong young body. But, for all her vigor, she was purely feminine, from the lace turnover about her pretty neck to the big bows that fastened her sturdy shoes. The charm of her personality seemed to cast a spell about him, for, hardly knowing that he did so, Dr. Meredith exclaimed:

"I should really like to go, but my book must be finished. Every day is precious."

Then, as if in a dream, he heard Miss Curtis' voice:

"Never mind your book. Try a whole day out of doors for your body's sake," and also, as in a dream, he heard himself reply:

"I will. When do you start?"

"In half an hour. You will have just about time to put on some picnic clothes."

"But I always wear these"— he began.

"Well, I wouldn't. They're too good in every sense of the word," the woman laughed back as she hurried from the porch, leaving the reverend gentleman in a decidedly disturbed state of mind. He had done a very foolish thing. He had intended to spend the day on his new book, "Higher Thinking the Basis of Nobler Living," and here he was, going off on a picnic with one of the gayest sets at the hotel. His slender body told of insufficient exercise, his pale skin clearly indicated his impoverished blood, while his brilliant eye suggested an intellect that was dominating too powerfully a frail physique.

That he was "ready for almost any disease" his good old physician had told him, and his congregation, after he had fainted during service one evening, had packed him off, much against his will, for a summer in the mountains.

So it was with a mingled feeling of annoyance and anticipation that he left the hotel porch and hurried to his room. Once there, he pulled out a bicycle suit that had done a little service a few years ago and, putting it on, surveyed himself with a critical eye.

"Sort of spindle shanks I am, sure enough," he grinned to himself as he thought of the sturdy figures of the other men who were to make up the party. "I suppose it would be a good thing for me to get a little more flesh on my bones."

"We thought we'd take the steam launch to the Willows, as we feared the hard tramp would be a little too much for you, parson," said one of the men, putting his shoulder genially, as he joined the group.

"I'm sorry to have you change your plans for me," Dr. Meredith replied, a little stiffly, for he felt at a disadvantage with these vigorous men.

"Oh, we shall enjoy the sail," Miss Curtis interrupted, noticing his annoyance. "And you must all drink in a great deal of this sweet, wholesome air. When we get a little way from land I want to try some new deep breathing exercises that I read about the other day."

"You see, doctor," exclaimed another man, "you're in the hands of a reformer, an advocate of all sorts of newfangled notions. If you want to save yourself from this reform movement, Dr. Meredith, you'd better get right out now and swim ashore."

"Oh, I think I'll venture to go on, especially as I can't swim," replied Dr. Meredith gently.

"Can't swim!" one of the other men exclaimed. "We'll have to give you a lesson this afternoon, for vigorous exercise of all sorts is another plank in our platform."

"No; you can't take Dr. Meredith in swimming this afternoon," said Miss Curtis decidedly. "The water is too cold for him yet. Wait till he has breathed this invigorating air a little longer."

"Oh, I'm as well as"— began Dr. Meredith, but as he looked at the men and women near him who were brimming over with vitality, he hesitated. He had intended to say, "I am as well as the rest of you;" but, being a truthful man, he could not. He might say, "As well as I need to be," but that was not true either. How much better he could do his work if he had the muscles of these men, their breadth of chest and their vigor! But before he could think of a way to end his sentence some one exclaimed:

"Oh, no; you're not as well as you can be. We'll make another man of you in another month."

"I cannot stay another month. My congregation needs me," he replied quietly.

"But your vacation was to last two months, was it not?" Miss Curtis asked. "Most city pastors have that."

"Yes," the man admitted. "My people did offer me two months, but," decidedly, "I do not intend to take so long."

"But, really, Dr. Meredith," Miss Curtis said, "you must not go back for another month."

"Oh, I shall be as well as needs be in a few days," the man replied stubbornly, and at this moment the boat bumped against the dock, and they were at their destination.

It had been years since John Meredith had indulged in a real picnic. At first he hardly knew how to behave, but soon he began to feel the spell of "the open" and to come more into sympathy with his companions. That they were right in thinking that a good body was a good thing he was obliged to acknowledge to himself, and before the day was over he was almost persuaded that some of the tenets of his philosophy were incorrect. He had about come to this conclusion when, late in the afternoon, they decided to take a walk to a nearby farmhouse. On the way Dr. Meredith lagged behind, thinking many thoughts. He was comparing himself, frail and tired, with these vigorous people and was considering how much more he could do in the cause he loved if he were well and strong. But would he not be apt to forget the spiritual if he spent so much thought and time upon the physical? Would he not become, as he feared these people were, too much absorbed in the joys of living? Miss Curtis herself, charming with her wonderful vitality, even lovable in her sweet personality, was, he told himself sharply, too insistent on physical well being.

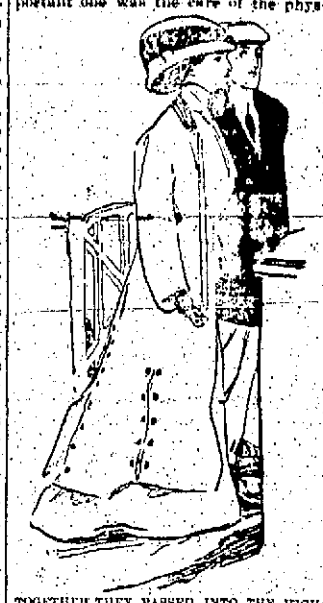
He was trying to persuade himself of the truth of this last statement when suddenly down the road came a whirl of dust, the noise of escaping steam, a dozen piercing shrieks, and in a second the ruin of a great touring car, with its mangled occupants, lay before them.

Instantly Dr. Meredith and his companions rushed forward, but at the sight of the flowing blood the clergyman found himself growing faint. Half dazed, he leaned against a tree and watched the others stanching the streams of blood, binding up broken arms and improvising litters. Were these the men whom he had so readily condemned as idlers in the vineyard? Was this the woman whom he had thought a "mere butterfly?" Must he stand aside while these people did their deeds of kindness?

He tried to pull himself together and move toward them, but his eyes closed suddenly, and he felt the hard ground beneath him.

It was more than a month later that John Meredith lay comfortably ensconced in a hammock on the farmhouse porch. His eyes were lifted toward the sky, where a flock of birds was swinging slowly toward the south. In a few days he, too, would be following their lead. It had been a strange month to him ever since he wakened to find himself in a big sunny room of the farmhouse, with Margaret Curtis in a nurse's dress at his bedside. One look into her eyes had told him the truth—that she was one of the world's busiest workers and not the careless pleasure seeker that he had imagined.

He had learned many lessons from her during those weeks of enforced idleness, for even after the slight fever left him the doctors had positively forbidden his return to the city for a month. Among those lessons an important one was the cure of the phys-



TOGETHER THEY PASSED INTO THE HIGHWAY.

ical man, so that there might be strength and power when needed. That he had learned his lesson thoroughly could be seen at the first glimpse of him as he lay in the hammock. The warm red blood that was flowing through his veins was visible even beneath the tan of his cheeks, his hand was no longer white and bony, and his broadened shoulders and full chest showed that deep breathing and vigorous exercise had of late been his daily portion. But now, strong and full of vitality as he felt, he was anxious to be at home again. He started from the hammock and began pacing up and down. Suddenly there came the swish of a woman's skirts around the corner of the house, and Margaret Curtis appeared, holding a mysterious package in her hands. With a laugh she threw herself into a chair and exclaimed:

"Well, those hotel people have at last found your precious manuscript. Somebody put it into one of the big safes, and they have just remembered."

"Let me see the stuff," said Dr. Meredith as he tore off the wrapping.

There it was—his "Higher Thinking the Basis of Nobler Living." He glanced at a page or two and then said with a good natured laugh, "It really isn't as bad as I had fancied. Perhaps I shall finish it some day, but not now. I am planning to write something quite different this winter. It will be a sort of preface to this and will be entitled 'Hygienic Living the Basis of Higher Thinking.'"

He stopped for a moment. Then pulling a paper from his pocket he held it toward her and said earnestly:

"I want you to help me with the book and"—slowly, "I have been hoping that you would let me dedicate it something after this fashion."

Half hesitating the woman took the paper that he offered her and, as she read the words he had written, the vivid coloring of her cheeks swept furiously over her face and neck.

For an instant there was silence between them and then the man exclaimed:

"You are not surprised, Margaret? You must have realized that, during these last few weeks, I have been learning not only how to live but how to love."

As he spoke, he leaned toward her, but the girl sprang to her feet and stood looking at him with a little shadow of doubt in her eyes.

"But—you have known me so short a time—are you sure?"

"Am I sure?" Meredith laughed joyfully. "Am I sure that the sun is in heaven? Am I sure that the grass is green and that the skies are blue? As to the question of time—can you who know what the weeks have done for me physically doubt that they could develop in my heart a strong, enduring love? What say you, Margaret?"

He was standing close beside her now and was trying to look into her eyes.

"What are you going to say to me?" He repeated his question with the insistance of a strong, vigorous man, a man who would not be denied his answer.

As she felt his eyes upon her the waves of color again flooded her face. Again she hesitated and, turning away, said, with a little tremble in her voice:

"I—I must get back to the hotel. I have some packing to do."

"May I not come with you?"

The man's voice was deep with emotion.

"Yes—you may come."

The words were low, but Dr. Meredith heard them, and with a quick stride he was at Margaret's side, and together they passed through the gate and out into the highway.

Insincerity.

"Our civilization demands a greater or less degree of mendacity," remarked the abstruse person. "We are constantly encountering some empty phrase, some conventional remark, which is absolutely devoid of sincerity."

"That's right," answered the book agent. "That's perfectly true. I am reminded of it every time I walk up to the front step where there is a doormat with the word 'welcome' on it."—Washington Star.

The Right Word.

"Why do you speak of him as a finished artist?"

"Because he told me he was utterly discouraged and was going to quit the profession. If that doesn't show that he's finished I don't know what does."—Chicago Post.

The Plain Part of It.

"Did the young man they caught in fraudulent transactions peculate very much?"

"I donno about that, but he stole a lot."—Baltimore American.

BRIBERY IN RUSSIA.

An Incident of the Reign of the "Czar-Liberator."

An old and long retired Russian general, a man of the "old school," related the following story in illustration of the official bribery that prevails in Russia, the incident being one within his own personal knowledge:

During the reign of Alexander II., the "czar-liberator," the widow of a distinguished general endeavored to obtain an appointment in a certain ministry for her only son, a young man of superior education and intelligence. The minister promised the widow to reserve the first occurring vacancy in his department. She waited in vain for the fulfillment of the promise and twice repeated her appeal by letter. She learned, too, that in the meantime several vacancies had been filled by other candidates.

The widow then waited upon the emperor and told his majesty of the minister's broken promises and her own keen disappointment, and after a few moments' consideration the czar asked her if she had inclosed a gift of money to the minister with her written application.

"Why, certainly not, your majesty. I should not dare put such an affront upon his excellency."

"Do not trouble yourself about the affront, madame," replied the czar, "but renew your prosthenie to the minister and inclose £1,000 to him."

"But I have no such sum of money, your majesty," said the widow dolefully.

"Oh, as to that, I will lend you the money, and the minister will no doubt repay me, and you will inform me, please, of the result of your renewed application with the inclosure."

The widow sent her son to the minister with the £1,000 lent by the czar inclosed with a politely written note, the result being that the young man received the desired appointment the same day.

About a week later the minister had just concluded his customary official report to the czar when his majesty observed, "By the way, there is a very intelligent and promising young man, the son of the late General —, for whom you can perhaps find a fairly prospective position in your department."

"But, your majesty," said the minister, "that young man is already in my department, and I should say that he is likely to make a career for himself."

"Tell me, please," quietly asked the czar, "how much did this youth's mother pay you for the appointment?"

The minister was too wily and tactful outwardly to manifest his surprise and chagrin, and he knew, too, that his safety demanded a perfectly candid reply to his sovereign:

"Would your majesty be interested," he said, "to hear what I myself paid for the influence which procured my portfolio from your gracious hands? The total sum was £22,500, and, relatively speaking, I do not think, with all humility, that this lady has paid at all dearly for the prospects of her son."

The minister repaid to the czar the £1,000 and was not unkindly dismissed from the audience, and he also retained his portfolio.—Odessa Cor. London Standard.

The African Buffalo.

A wounded buffalo is vastly more dangerous when he runs away than when he charges, for in nine cases out of ten after a dash that may be for a few hundred yards or a mile he will revengefully circle back to an interception of his own trail, and hidden in grass or thicket until his pursuer comes plodding along the trail and then charge upon him. Despite the fierce temper of a lone bull, his savage cunning and his great, charging bulk, I believe him much less dangerous than the lion, for he has far less speed, lacks the lion's poisoned claws and is a much bigger target. This opinion is substantiated by the indisputable fact that at least ten men are killed or mauled by lion to one killed by buffalo.—Edgar Beecher Bronson in Century.

The Temple of Zeus.

All that remains of the great temple of Zeus, which was 700 years in building, is to be found about 150 yards from the foot of the Acropolis at Athens. The ruins consist of sixteen columns of the Corinthian order, six and one-half feet in diameter and sixty feet high. It was the second largest temple erected by the Greeks, one superior to it in size being the temple of Diana at Ephesus. According to a legend, its foundation was built by Deukalion, the Greek Noah, who from this point witnessed the waters of the flood subside. An opening in the ground is said to be the orifice through which the flood disappeared.

Amended.

In a book of musical criticism the author alluded in flattering terms to the works of his friend Herr Q. Unfortunately during the printing of the volume the two friends quarreled. Then the offended author had inserted in each copy of the book a slip of paper with the following note: "Erratum, page 94, line 21, for 'Herr Q., the eminent composer and distinguished musician,' read 'Herr Q., the pretentious violinist and impudent and clumsy plagiarist!'"—London Mail.

Testing Dear Little Fido's Milk.

"Algy, dear," remarked a young wife to her husband, "I wish you would taste this milk and see if it is perfectly sweet. If it's the least bit sour I mustn't give any of it to dear little Fido!"—London Tit-Bits.

"A man's religion never dies so long as he uses the Golden Rule in measuring his actions."

Family Ties.

Old Gentleman—Have you any family ties? Willie—Oh, yes, sir. Father makes me wear all his old ones.

Few things are impossible in themselves. It is not so much means as perseverance that is wanting to bring them to a successful issue.

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